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THE TRUTH FOR THE MORMONS.

Good Reader, this Pamphlet is long; but our Friends are Few and the Charges against us Many. Remember, too, that it is only by freely speaking we can repel the Accusation of holding back part of the Truth.

READ IT THROUGH.

Front cover: Three Letters to the New York Herald.

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THREE LETTERS

TO THE

NEW YORK HERALD,

FROM J. M. GRANT, OF UTAH.

LETTER I.

[FROM THE HERALD OF MARCH 9, 1852.]

Letter from the Mayor of Great Salt Lake City.

Mormonism by a Mormon—Polygamy—Murder—Jackson in Heaven—Taylor in Limbo—Stiff Necks and Superstition—Astounding Developments, &c.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ.

SIR:—I will thank you to print, as soon as you can, the substance of this letter. Considered only as news, it ought to be worth your while. There is a great curiosity everywhere to hear about the Mormons, and eagerness to know all the evil that can be spoken of them. Announce you that I am a Mormon Elder, just arrived from Utah—Mayor, in fact, of Salt Lake City, where my wife and family are still living—a preacher, brigadier of horse, and President of the Quorum of Seventies, and the like; and not one subscriber that waded over shoe-tops through the slime of details you gave of the play-actor's divorce trial lately, will not be greedy to read all I have to say, about the filthier accusations that have been brought against me, and my friends and brethren. This is what I have to count upon, thank Falsehood. And, if you will publish my letter entire, I will ask for no editorial help from you. I am no Writer; but, with the help

of the Power of Light, am not afraid of what you can say against us. So long as I walk by the rule of my Master, you walk by the rude working of your fancies.

I must say, I have had my doubts about writing out upon these matters; my doing so not being approved by our Delegate in Congress, Dr. Bernhisel. The Doctor is one of our gentlemen at home; a real gentleman, and would not say a rough word, or do a rough thing, to hurt the feelings, or knock off the spectacles of any man, for the world. But I am no gentleman, in his sense at least, and have had slights enough put upon me, personally, since I came eastward, to entitle me to any amount of stand up self-defence. Dr. Bernhisel's official course in this matter, I suppose I am bound to accept; for I have understood that he had the advice of experienced men who said to him, "Take up the report of the three officers criminating your constituents, when it comes from the State Department into the House; ask for a Special Committee with power to send for persons and papers, and put the false witnesses on oath; but don't stoop to wrangle upon your religion, morals, and political opinions with Mr. Webster or the Congressmen at large, whom the country considers to have enough to do to take care of their own."

This is all very well, and very high and mighty and dignified certainly; but while the grass grows the cow starves—while Congress is taking its months to do the work of a day, the verdict of the public goes against us—as the law-word is, by default—and we stand substantially convicted of any thing and everything that any and every kind of blackguard can make up a lie about. And now I hear that the charges are not to be pushed—two of the officers want to come back to us *as friends*—they are to be virtually abandoned after doing us all the harm they can. What Mr. Webster thinks, we care a little; what is the opinion of most members of Congress, you can hardly believe, in your part of the world, how very little; but Public Opinion, that power we respect as well as recognize; and, therefore, I am now determined, on my own responsibility, to write myself, and blurt out all the truth I can. I may not be discreet, but I will be honest.

I have written, to begin with, an examination into the causes

that induced the three officers to leave Utah; but find it grown on my hands too long for publication. As I must confine myself, therefore, to plain and unargued narrative, I will best begin with the original and beginning of our troubles, found, to my mind, in the notion that, unlike other populous communities, we are not fit, or have not the right, to furnish our own rulers. I doubt if the contrary ever once occurred to Mr. Fillmore, who, I am persuaded, had quite a wish to deal justly with us. What was the consequence? At the very outset of our national career, we had to have strangers sent to govern us. Who of worth and standing at home would venture out to our distant and undescribed country? Accordingly, the offices went begging among all the small-fry politicians who could be suspected of being fit to fill them. And (as I have heard, after sundry nominations were refused) the following were picked up:—

No. 1.—A Mr. Brandebury, who brought his recommendation, saying he had studied law in the office of a Pennsylvania county-court lawyer renowned for successful high and lofty tumbling in the support of the United States Bank through a bloodless civil war, but who, in every other respect, exaggerated the recommendation of a Presidential candidate, of being perfectly and entirely unknown.

No. 2.—Zerubbabel Snow, of Ohio, a lawyer practicing in the interior of that State—qualifications rather ahead of the others—willing to come out probably, having kinsfolk among us.

No. 3.—Mr. P. E. Broccus, of Alabama, of whom I have again to speak—character unknown, I hope, to the President—in the lower purlieus of the District of Columbia by no means entitled to that recommendation.

No. 4.—B. D. Harris, a smart youngster—from a Vermont printing office, I think—for Secretary.

And for Indian Agent, No. 5, a lazy little fellow named Day—with half the head of a Yankee, for he was all the time thinking of a "trade," and half the heart of a woman, for he would have run from a squaw.

"Fry stones with butter," says the proverb, "the broth will be good." I don't know what manner of appearance these men pre-

As the evil Figs which cannot be eaten they are so evil.

sent, now that they have taken their titles at our expense, and drawn some of Uncle Sam's money for it; but, as they came among us, the bevy was just such as you will find keeping tavern together at a railway water station. Zerub. the active partner—Lemuel, rather slow; but his uncle, superintendent of the road to secure the trains stopping there at breakfast and dinner times; with Harris, the bar-keeper to fly round spry, and Day to black boots, pump tank, and lift trunks. To our misfortune they were not kept in their proper spheres.

The first we knew of our becoming a Territory was the account of the passage, September, 1850, of the law organizing Utah, which reached us before the year was out. Nothing could exceed the clamorous joy of our citizens at learning that they were thus invited into the family party by their brethren of the Union. Our national flags went up, hailed by huzzas, all over the settlement, and when we hoisted our large one on the liberty pole at Temple Block, in Great Salt Lake city, the artillery saluted it with one hundred rounds, rammed home.

The first actual appearance among us, by personal representative, of the government majesty of the United States, was the arrival of No. 1, as above, which came as much as half a year after (the 7th of June, I think), with a limited amount of personal luggage, including one remarkably large black umbrella, and put up at a boarding house on the outskirts of the town, resorted to by traders and carriers passing through the settlement. We welcomed this from our hearts. We did not fire the cannon at it, having saved this honor for our country's standard, or its enemies. Nor did we attend to appearances as well as the French, who made ready for their king by putting white kid gloves on the guide-posts' fingers, and a clean cambric ruffled shirt and silk stockings on the body of a criminal hanging in irons. Our means, after all, were limited; but we cordially did our best. As it was the Chief Justice, numbers of us paid him our respects; and, though our calls were not returned, proceeded to get up, after our custom, a Ball in his honor. A paragraph or two, descriptive of this entertainment, will not be out of place here, if it gives you an idea of our humble but hearty fashions.

He brought me to the Banqueting House.

He sendeth springs into the Valleys which run down among the Hills.

About two and a half miles from the site of our future Temple, out of the base of what we call Ensign Mountain, a big toe of the Wahsatch range, gush up a number of hot springs, various in quality and temperature; of which one, in particular, has a constant head, strong enough to work a fulling mill. This we have conducted in pine logs to a large house in the city suburbs, and provided there the tubs and other requirements for the most luxurious artificial bathing. Though at the charge of $1 a month per family, it has become a place of frequent resort for our whole population; and as, with Mormons, society and festivity go hand in hand, this concourse has led to the erection of additional buildings, including, besides a ball-room, two parlors for club and party suppers, &c., and a famous big double-kitchen to cook up the good things in.

To this Bath House we invited Judge Brandebury. Our hours being early at Salt Lake, we sent the Governor's carriage for him at three in the afternoon; but dressing or something else detained him till five, shortly after which he arrived. The guests were then sometime assembled. Tickets had only been issued to our nicest people; and I will say it, a prettier company no honest man, not a fop, would have asked to meet. After an orchestral symphony, Brother Spencer, by his office, President of the Stake, opened with an appropriate prayer, and quadrilles commenced. Judge Brandebury took to the corner at first; but some of our ladies, making true woman's account of the Miss Nancyism of a drawed up old bachelor, that showed he had sat a good deal in the shade, took pains with him, and, though a little peaked at first, we soon got him up, and made him excited. He danced with Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, again with Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, and finally left them all, real old bachelor fashion, to pay his exclusive attentions to "that sweet young lady with the wreath of roses round her head"—thus describing little Miss Sarah Badlam, aged, perhaps, thirteen, be the same more or less. Supper was announced at seven. The ladies and gentlemen sat down together—Governor Young at the head of one of the tables, with Judge Brandebury opposite him. Our leading confectionery consisted of roast beef, roast mutton, chickens, roast and boiled veal, roast pig, wild fowl,

bear meat, and game pie, helped through with garden truck and sauce, pies, puddings, preserves, pumpkin butter, and other home dainties not so well known in these parts, and oysters and sardines in cans, from the East. For drink, we had our own brew of porter and ale—which I could not recommend, as it tastes like one part of the lager article to three of water—and for Brandebury's special use, Champagne wine from the grocery. From supper we went into the dancing again, and kept it up with spirit until near two o'clock in the morning, the handing round, at twelve, of refreshments (consisting of ice creams, cake, pie, nuts, and beverages), being the only interruption till the benediction and final dismissal home.

A similar reception was given to Judge Snow and his lady (No. 2), and Mr. and Mrs. Harris (No. 4), who arrived out together, I think, the 19th of July; and they were equally pleased with our bath-house balls. Mrs. Harris, who danced with the Governor once, I recollect—and with a will too—always being anxious to be heard saying: "Strange, people East know so little of the Mormons:" "To think of their being so refined, and so peaceful, and enjoying themselves so well," &c.—"Fair and softly goes far in a day;" perhaps, though, if called upon after this, we might have said that we had not unmixed cause to be pleased with our new officials. Their speech and conduct, somehow, from the first, created and spread the impression that they wanted to get extra advantage out of us. They complained, not without reason, of the lowness of their salaries; and it was intimated to some that a vote, by ourselves, of a certain increase would be agreeable. They would not organize court, or go to work, but—an ill example to our youth—lived indolent together in their boarding houses, day after day—the only utterly idle persons in our whole community. Yet, at the same time, they assumed airs and graces, and various manners of condescension and superiority; in which, rest assured, they made a very great mistake. It is an error, the prevalent opinion that we all cleanse the nasal orifice with the big toe, and make tea with holy water. We have among us women who play on the piano and mix French with their talk, and men who like tight boots, and who think more of the grammar than the meaning of what

they are saying; and who would ask nothing better than to be fed by other people for squaring circles and writing dead languages all their lives—albeit we would not give one good gunsmith's apprentice for the whole of them. And, though we are all out-and-out democrats, in spirit and in substance, we have plenty of the hard-to-comb curly-pates of people, of whom the saying is true, that we "have seen better days;" so that if there is any thing we can do, it is to take the measure of sham, half-cut pretensions, and write down their true figures. There was one personal infirmity of Judge Brandebury, I am sure, was as much remarked upon with us as it could be anywhere—even the boarding-house folks were not content with it.

> Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
> That all may gladly board thee as a flower.

May I hope your readers understand? You see, with our score of spring streams rushing through the city plat, our fresh water lakes, our hot springs, baths and Jordan river, more cleansing than Abana and Pharphar rivers of Damascus—we think so much of washing—And soap is not very dear with us either! And we read the scriptures, including Zechariah iii., 3 and 4, where we are taught that the angel would not speak with Joshua before he changed his linen.—And;—whistle! that shirt the Judge had on at our 24th of July celebration, where we did our best to make a dignity figure of him, was the greatest—it came about as near to being *the* great unwashed—considering there were ladies present, it was on the whole, I may say, the most Disrespectful Shirt, ever was seen at a celebration. The Judge never stirred out without his big umbrella, not so much to keep the sun off, as to hide out people, no account of his being shy; but, after, this, whenever he was seen dragging about under it, it used to be the joke that he was afraid of rain water getting in on to that shirt. But, of course, no notice was taken of such trifles; and everything went on smooth and glassy as the pool of indolence itself, till after the 17th day of August.—This day, arrived out from the States, Mr. P. E. Brocchus, and in one short six weeks after that this man staid among us, he was the

means of stirring up all the evil report that we have had since to encounter.

Brocchus, as far as I have been able to find any thing about him, I make out to be one of those characters that it would be difficult to examine or educate anywhere out of the District of Columbia. Their description is that of the Washington maid of all work—that is, dirty work. Having the Directory of the cellars and garrets by heart—being the very men to show new "M. C.'s" the *fashions*, after dark—quick-smell feasts—long-suffering chamberers—knowing all the "convenient" people—lobbying as only those men can who have nothing else to do—always ready to hold big men's horses, and willing to blow their noses all day in the waiting room for the chance—they live on the broken victuals of big and little kitchen cabinets, till they come at last by their chance of boneing the mutton joint, which they devour in the face of the poor they have defrauded of it.

Of such came out to us from Alabama, via Washington, nearly one year after we were made a territory by law, our second Associate Judge. To our people at Kanesville, where he stopped for other purposes than outfitting, he proclaimed his intention of running as delegate to Congress. He provided intoxicating liquors gratuitously to those in his company who would listen to his discourse on this subject. He said it was his only purpose in going out to Utah; and that, his election secured, he should return at once. He alluded darkly to dangers impending over us at Washington that only he could avert, and declared that he had come out to enable him to be our saviour. Thus he spoke and electioneered with the people of the train till he met a return company, who conveyed intelligence to the States of the election of Dr. John M. Bernhisel. His tone then changed! As soon as he arrived, he announced his intention of returning to the States. He said he was sick, and supported the character in the eyes of his fellow-lodgers by eating enormously, without taking any out-door exercise. He was hale and busy enough, to our cost. He must have obtained his influence over the others almost immediately after his arrival. They soon removed to the boarding house in which he was quartered; and there evidently, as we think we can see now, con-

certed their schemes and courses of molestation and mischief. We heard now distinctly more of discontent and dissatisfaction, and more of the insufficient compensation and the rest.

We could do nothing ourselves; but a petition to Congress having been drawn up, asking an increase of their salaries, the Governor headed it, and sent it off by Dr. Bernhisel, on the 1st of September. Of much avail was it! Within the week after, there followed the proceedings I am now going to describe. They had not their connected appearance at the time, but we have been at no loss to understand their bearing since.

One day Brocchus reminded the Governor that he was going away very soon, and asked him to do him the favor of procuring him as large an audience of the people as possible, as he was very anxious to set before them in style the claims of the Washington monument fund. I do not know how he made out his case; but, as he was always specious and smiling, the Governor, willing to show him a pleasure, said, "I will invite you, sir, to speak at our approaching conference. It is a religious meeting, I suppose you are aware; but I wish well to your cause." One of the first buildings we ever raised at Salt Lake, was our Bowery, or gallery of rough timber and wattles, for public assemblies. Around it then was all naked ground, though it now stands in the heart of the business part of the city. Our semi-annual conferences have always met in it; and our Fall one assembling here by stated appointment, September the 6th; at its opening day, a handsome representation of the people from all quarters being in attendance, Governor Young took the first opportunity of fulfilling his promise. "I was respectfully and honorably introduced," says the published statement of Judge Brocchus.

This individual, I take it, is one of those who, by reason of a certain fluency and custom of easy rambling from subject to subject, spreading themselves out over all they have ever had a thought upon, are able to acquit themselves quite creditably in a conversation or brief friendly letter; while they break down miserably if called on for a speech or essay upon a continuous subject, which exposes in them the defects of their early education, their habitually loose texture of thought, and their want of

connected views and consistent principles of any kind. Such creatures frequently pass through the world without being voted ignoramus or lack-wit, and so with some yet may this unsteady creature Brocchus.

I make this remark because I am certain no one of his acquaintance at Salt Lake city, was prepared for such a speech as he made on this occasion. In its way it beat Brandebury's Shirt. I would give a hundred dollars for the sake of our cause, to have had a phonographer to take down the stupendous effort. I can only now profess to remember a few points of it, recalled to my memory by the use that has been made of them since. He began by stating that he had read our history with deep interest, particularly that part relating to our sufferings in winter quarters, on the Missouri River, during the severe winter of '47. I intended to have visited winter quarters, he said, but, alas, was not able. A friend of mine brought me these flowers; here they are; it is all I can present you of that sainted place! At this sympathetic display he forced a tear, and, the careless observer would have said, wiped it from his cheek, but Deseret eyes saw the handkerchief pass to the right and left, while the tear remained on the cheek by an overcast of the head. His reception was next referred to. I was a stranger and you took me in; sick, and you visited me, &c. Even a kind lady brushed the flies from my forehead; her kindness I can never forget.—Another tear was forthcoming, and wiped as before. Twenty minutes of this sort of thing quite naturally introduced the consideration of his personal merits. In the course of an able and flattering autobiography, he displayed all his advantages of experience and public service in important imaginary capacities. His appointment by his Excellency the President of the United States, was enough to show what kind of a man he was! The President being a virtuous man, could appoint none but a virtuous man like himself; he (Brocchus) being virtuous, therefore, like the President, received his appointment. By this argument he refuted any *vile calumnies* from the States that he said might have pursued his private character! After this, in a style half school-book, half 4th of July, came up Anthony (!) Putnam, the Revolutionary

War, and Gen. Washington, who was declared a greater man than Napoleon and all his generals, and only to be compared to President Taylor. Putnam he got at Bunker Hill, but Washington at Burgoyne's, probably Braddock's, defeat. Behold him! he cried, on his white horse at the battle of Yorktown, proudly careering on his white charger over the prostrate bodies of his country's enemies. This sort of thing took up an hour more, by which the patience of the company was pretty nearly worn out, though they remained quiet. "For more than two hours," he writes, "I was favored with the unwavering attention of my audience." But a changed tone then came on him, with a change of subject. He began a studied assault upon his introducer, Governor Young, and an argument to the people against allowing the man so much influence as he possessed, the sum of it being that so long as this continued we could have no party divisions, and without party divisions we could not be a worthy object of the notice or favor of politicians. Soon, however, he found he could do nothing on this head. "Oh ladies, sweet ladies," he cried, "why do you 'go in' for such a man? Your smiles should be turned on the contemplation of men who can handle the sword—George Washington, and Zachary Taylor, the second Washington. Oh, Governor Young can't handle the sword!" Even such soft appeals as this were thrown away. From bad to worse, disapprobation rose till the orator was groaned. He tried a few insinuations more, and was groaned again, groaned with a will. At this, instead of taking his seat, he changed his ground, and made a direct and undisguised attack upon the audience itself, men and women, without distinction, accusing them of want of patriotism and attachment to the laws, and reproaching and insulting them to their face. General D. H. Wells, of Illinois, and impulsive and hot spoken man, but I am bound to say one of our most liberal and public spirited citizens, had delivered an oration on the 24th of July, severely condemning the course of the federal government towards us. Producing an imperfect report of this speech and commenting on it, Brocchus proceeded to attribute its sentiments to the people, and make them answerable for it, thereupon threatening them with destruction by the whole army

and navy of the United States. In the same way he brought up ramarks of Governor Young upon General Taylor, threatening the people with destruction for them also, and declaring that his (Brocchus's) influence should break him from office, the instant he arrived in Washington. Finally, the women hissing him here, he mentioned Washington, for the first time, in connection with the monument, and as if merely incidentally. "It reminds me, *by the way*," he said, "that I have a commission from the Washington Monument Association, to ask of you (the ladies) a block of marble, as the test of your citizenship and loyalty to the government of the United States. But in order for you to do it acceptably, you must become virtuous, and teach your daughters to become virtuous, or your offering had better remain in the bosom of your native mountains."

At this climax of insult, the meeting rose as one man, and their cries and uproar compelled the speaker to take his seat. The tumult continuing, we looked to the other officers of the United States, who had been invited to the stand, to reply; but, as they failed to do so, the Governor being loudly called for, rose and spoke in substance (for I cannot imitate or remember successfully his peculiar style), as follows:—"But for this man's personalities, I would be ashamed not to leave him to be answered by some of our small spouters—sticks of his own timber. Such an orator, I should suppose, might be made by down-east patent, with Comstock's phonetics and elocution primers; but, I ask you all; have we ever before listened to such trash and nonsense from this stand? Are you a Judge, (he said, turning to him), and can't even talk like a lawyer, or a politician, and hav'nt read an American school history? Be ashamed, you illiterate ranter, (said he), not to know your Washington better than to praise him for being a mere brutal warrior. George Washington was called first in war; but he was first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He had a big head and a great heart. Of course, he could fight. But, Lord! what man can't? What man here will dare to say, with women standing by, that he is a bit more a coward than Washington was? Handle the sword! I can handle a sword as well as George Washington. I'd be ashamed

to say I couldn't. But you, standing there, white and shaking now, at the hornets'-nest you have stirred up yourself—you are a coward; and that is why you have cause to praise men that are not; and why you praise Zachary Taylor. President Taylor you can't praise—you find nothing in him. Old General Taylor! what was he?—a mere soldier, with regular army-buttons on; no better to go at the head of brave troops than a dozen I could pick up between Leavenworth and Laramie. And, for one, I'll not have Washington insulted by having him compared to Taylor, for a single breath of speech. No, nor what is more, President and General Andrew Jackson crowed down and forgotten, while I am with this people—even if I did not know that one is in one place (of punishment), and the other in another (of reward). Brigham Young spoke this out of his knowledge by the priesthood.

"What's the meaning," continued the Governor, but more at large than I can give it here, "what's the meaning of this insult upon our patriotism? Is it the place of miserable vermin that feed upon its sacred body, to teach us the value of the Union? Sense enough you have to see we are bound to be its best friends. But you shall not go home to say you were never told so. Against the Union, are we? We want to have Saint Francisco on one side of us, and Saint Louis on the other, fighting and scratching like any other two saints of different denominations, do we? And the tax on the foreign goods we use isn't enough, to be sure, but we must want to pay one set of duties at a custom-house in New York or New Orleans, and then another at Jefferson City, may be, and another set again at Council Bluffs! That will help us, wont it? No, sir; we're not nailed to North or South, or any other point of the compass, here. We have come out from the North and South as well as East and West, and we want our old States to stick together, because we intend to stick to the whole of them. And we are just the very people to know what tom-fool's nonsense it is, the notion of a minority that expects to get into a tight place, going off for safety into close partnership with its next neighbors. Who does not know that there is more bother with a quarrelsome neighbor than with a dozen that live further off. And what is a man's chance if, with a neighbor on each side

of him, bent upon mischief, he has no other neighbors to help him keep them straight? It is just the same with States. Let the devil of persecution get abroad against any single one of them, as it did against us at home, and let it be Georgia or Illinois on one side, and North Carolina and Tennessee, or Missouri and Iowa on the other, all ready to join, if one is not enough, to put Charleston or Nauvoo down—and where is Charleston, or South Carolina either, going to be, if she hasn't then one outsider to help her? Now, tell all this, when you return, to some of your folks in Alabama, where you say you belong;—though, if you tell them instead, the Mormons want to get up a union with Selkirk's Settlement, or the Hudson Fur Company, or be annexed by the Mexican half-breeds, or the Indians, (say the Crows, or the Blackfeet, or the Snakes), I know they'd rather believe it.—Snake stories are about all they will believe of Mormons!" After defining very fully his views after this wise, the Governor concluded, I remember, about as follows:—"What you have not been afraid to intimate about our morals, I will not stoop to notice, except to make my particular personal request of every brother and husband present, not to give your back what such impudence deserves. You talk of things 'you have on hearsay,' since your coming among us. I'll talk of hearsay then—the hearsay that you are discontented and will go home, because we cannot make it worth your while to stay. What it would satisfy you to get out of us I think it would be hard to tell; but I am sure it is more than you'll get. If you or any one else is such a baby-calf, we must sugar your soap to coax you to wash yourself of Saturday nights: go home to mammy straight away, and the sooner the better!"

This is the whole of Governor Young's speech, of which so much to-do has been made. What to make of the strange speech of Brocchus, to this day I am not clear. Had it, after all, no more meaning in it than a capon's crow? or did the man, under the impression that we were a divided people, think he could raise up a party out of those opposed to Brigham Young—and was he the two hours sweetening his preface before trying it?—or was he, again, as others think, drunk, or partially so?—or was he so unused to public speaking, and was he so scared when he came to

his words of work in earnest, as to get into a sort of college lad's flurry, and say more than he ever meant to say, to extricate himself from his bashful floundering? Any of these suppositions may be true in part; but I am satisfied it was a concerted thing, although, as I have intimated, it did not strike us in that light at the time, or, in fact, in any other, much beyond its breaking up our conference. This it did. We could not go on with the church business after the disgraceful occurrence, and our meeting had to be dismissed and dispersed.

After the Brocchus outrage, the story of the misconduct of the other officers is soon related. First, we found out, to our astonishment, that neither Brandebury nor Harris were at pains to condemn or disavow his course. Soon we were threatened that Harris would return with Brocchus; not long after we heard the same ill of Brandebury, and soon after this (I am not here in the spirit of a jest; but just four days before little Sally Badlam had left Utah and its judiciary, for the mines!) their purpose of doing so was formally announced to us. The Governor, upon this, fearing they might be as good as their word, and leave the territory to legal anarchy, called a special session of the Legislature to consider of the exigency. There was a rupture at once. They would not communicate with that body or notice its existence. The Assembly passed a joint resolution directing the United States Marshal to take into his custody the papers, seals, and funds of the Secretary, as about to abscond. He disregarded it, and applying to Judge Brandebury, who, for this special purpose, constituted a United States Court for the first time, obtained an injunction on the marshal against interfering with him. The two houses passing also a resolution directing an order to be drawn for $500 on account of mileage, stationery, &c., out of the $24,000 placed in the Secretary's hands for such expenses; he refused to accept it, and on the contrary, wrote them back an insulting letter, in which he pronounced his (the Secretary's) opinion that they were illegally elected and constituted. This letter, dated September, 25, came to the Assembly next day, or Friday, Sept., 26. What they would have done, or what would have been the course of their debates it would be hard to say. But the officers, as if they feared

the Assembly really might take the Secretary's objections for more than they were worth, and resign and be reconstituted, which could have been done in a week—the next thing we knew, they were off—Sunday morning, bright and early, September, 28, A. D., 1851.

And so quiet as they kept about it all! Though the Legislature had their muss with Harris about not paying them and the rest, which figures so largely *now* on paper, the very week I left, there was nothing about it had hardly come up for as much as talk, except how Brocchus insulted the Conference on the 6th of September. Yet all this time, it turns out, they were hedging and hatching, and laying traps, playing sly attorney's tricks, giving advice, and getting crooked law papers out of honest, straightforward citizens, that suspected no offence, but looked up to them in such matters for what they professed to be, their legal protectors, advisers, and guardians. And to crown all, they have the face to talk, in the documents they have got up, of the "hostile and seditious feelings and sentiments" of the people,—our poor people! that then and now and all the time have been minding their own business, sowing, and reaping, and digging, and building, and manufacturing, as careless of the doings of the men in Rhodes' boarding-house, as you would be of goings on at the Swedish consul's in Varick street! Though, if the wiles of the Diabolonians prosper, be they ever so unwitting of guilt they will be punished indeed, by having sent them pro-consul, with rapacious legions (of relations), some "most excellent Governor Felix," or Porcius Festus, of the last hungriest of the first families of Virginia, who has missed his middy's warrant when he was young, and can't get a pursership after he has gone to seed.

I have concluded my narrative. How far it contains cause of offence, perhaps, I am unable to see; but I am sure it will surprise every one that has perused it, to know that, wretched stitching together of trivialities as it appears, it covers the whole ground of the charges made against us in the many score pages of the returned officers, and contains the true statement of every transaction in which they were concerned, by perver-

sion, made obnoxious to censure. Above, and outside of all the admissions I have been so careful to make, the reader will see that room remains for me to offer comments on our part, explaining our course, and condemning our antagonists. I refrain. I shall take my chance of doing this, when I take up, in form, the charges as they have drawn them. Though I can't expect it will please them much better than did the woman the emetic, when she told the doctor there was no good giving her any more, for she couldn't keep it in her stomach five minutes. Still, their complaint shan't be, their Physic is not done up in style.

I am your very obedient servant,

JEREMIAH M. GRANT.

LETTER II.

More Secrets of the Temple—Polecats in Mare's nests—Bogus Coiners—Squatters without Titles—The Mormon Pope—A Bowie Knife—Pawnee Politeness—Davy Crocket a Mormon—General Taylor be (is) damned.

April 8, 1852.

"He that pricketh the eye will make tears to fall, and he that pricketh the heart maketh it to show her knowledge."—Ecclesiasticus xxii., 19.

The Accusation of the delinquent officers contains the following passage: "Upon the following Sunday, the mayor of the City, Jedediah M. Grant, in eulogizing the strength of the Mormons, exultingly declared from the pulpit, in presence of one of the undersigned (Mr. Harris), that now the United States could not conquer them (the Mormons) by arms."

A CARD.

Mr. Jedediah M. Grant's compliments to Messrs. B. Harris, L. Brandebery, and P. E. Brocchus, late officials of the Territory of Utah, and will regret if he restores in some degree relations suspended between them, through the necessity he is under of informing the public that the above statement is a deliberate and dishonest falsehood.

You may thank yourself, Mr. Bennett, for not having this time, an interesting letter. "Well lathered is half shaved."—When I had so fully narrated the proceedings of the Returned Officers, I thought I was quit of further call to notice what I was sure the sound judgment of any man of experience would then know, could

be only the attempted Extenuation or Excuse of such shameful Misbehavior. But, in your Editorial accompanying my Letter of last month, you are at pains to say; "the pith of the charges against Governor Young and his community is not answered." I must therefore accept the reproach of shirking or dodging these, if I do not bestow upon them a consideration above their deserts. I had in my mind, to regale your readers, a variety of entertaining topics; as the Dead City of the Gulf, a pastoral Love Match, an Indian Hunt, &c. &c.,; to which I thought to add some Choice Evidences of Modern Prophecy, Healing and Inspiration by the Laying on of Hands, and a neat though brief Summary of other Gifts and Blessings, under our new Covenant, which I trusted would feelingly persuade the followers of Religions among you, that theirs are but as the ancient and thirsty Structures for Fountains to be seen in Eastern Countries, through which no Water any longer runs. But all these pleasant subjects, I must now postpone to the consideration of the Charges, only invoking the God of Twaddle that he will keep me steadily to them.

Before going on, I lay before my countrymen a Difficulty I labor under in this matter. I have to take up, not to explain away but to directly contradict, all the Allegations of any account the Fugitive Officers bring against us. The Charges they first circulated—more outrageous, but therefore easier of refutation, one, for instance, that we had been Embezzling the Public Moneys—are now withdrawn; Three successive versions of what is called the Report, have been given to the Public, each less boldly criminatory than the one that went before it: but the paper that remains before Congress as their Latest Edition, and by which they must stand, for it is in Brandebery's handwriting, and is signed by him and Brocchus and Harris, contains offensive allegations more than enough, considered only as Skunk Sprinklings, to put us deservedly in ill odor with the country. I declare it false. I give the Foulmarts the Lie in their Teeth.—But they count Three, and I am but One. And I am a stranger, and our relative worth of character does not appear. And who is to decide between us, or how? Even under the rule of the Devil from Hell living in the doomed body of Louis Napoleon,

it is said to call for the Pole Cat Report of, at least, *four* police spies, before they can ruin a man for holding unpopular opinions. MY DEMAND IS THEN, THAT OUR ACCUSERS BE PUT TO THEIR OATHS! Upon their oaths at least, I insist: let them swear away the liberties of freemen. And so, if they cannot be purged of the truth, or if the voices of our noble and far distant people cannot be heard in time to prevail against them; yet thus, when the Day comes for them to stand before the Tribunal of the Nation, which shall compel true justice to be measured them, we will have the legal pains and penalties of PERJURY at hand, with which to precede upon Earth those direr punishments reserved for False Swearers at the Great Assize of the Last Day. The full circumstantial narrative I have already published, covers, as I have remarked, nearly all I thought worth noticing in the Report. It is next to impossible for me to pick out all the wicked Insinuations and Poison Pinsticks with which it is interspersed. "He has a slid-grip that has an Eel by the tail":—But for a fortunate leading Paragraph, in which various heads of offense are associated together (though no effort is made afterward to sustain them, unless by innuendo), I should be at a loss how to get hold of any of them pinchingly enough to mash them by my denials. I shall therefore quote it in full, numbering (not to say branding) as I go on.

"We found upon our arrival," says the Report or Information: (1) "That almost the entire population consisted of a people "called Mormons; (2) and The Mormon Church overshadowing "and controlling the opinions, the actions, the property, and even "the lives of its members; (3) Usurping and exercising the func- "tions of legislation and the judicial business of the Territory. (4) "Organizing and commanding the military. (5) Disposing of the "public lands upon its own terms; (6) Coining money stamped "Holiness to the Lord; and forcing its circulation at a standard "fifteen or twenty per centum above its real value; (7) Openly "sanctioning and defending the practice of Polygamy or Plurality "of Wives; (8) Exacting the tenth part of *every thing* from its "members, under the name of tithing, (9) and enormous taxes "from citizens not members; (10) penetrating and supervising the

"social and business circles, and inculcating and requiring as an "article of religious faith, implicit obedience to the counsels of "'The Church,' as paramount to all the obligations of morality, "society, of allegiance, and of law."

To these Charges I proceed to reply in the order in which I have numbered them.

1. This is true. "Find a mare's nest—laugh at the eggs." Three Thousand miles was far to go to hunt up this one.

2. This is False, as I shall particularly explain. I call for its trial under oath: Trial!

3. False: Smack the calfskin for this too: Trial!

4. False again: Trial!

5. Trial! This is so baseless a lie that, not "the Mormon Church," but not even one of the Mormon People, nor single citizen of Utah has claimed the right of "disposing of the public lands upon his own terms." What any of us individually have first settled upon, we have, by Law—as Squatters simply—earned a certain right of preëmption in for our Improvements. But nothing more; and it might be a well-grounded cause of Complaint with our People that, owing to the delay of Congress in legislating for us, we to this hour remain without Titles to our Homes.

6. We did coin the Money stamped Holiness to the Lord, and what's more with a Date upon it, and what's worse a Denomination; and, God forgive us too, a Hand in Hand thereon with opposite mystic emblems. The dies we cut ourselves, and very creditably well too, I thought; but, reading from a Book (the only book of reference of the kind we had with us in the wilderness) the number of parts of Alloy that should go to aliquot parts of Gold, we mixed these by the recipe with the pure Virgin Gold that came to us from the Mines, and not with the Gold technically called Pure and considered to be such at the U. S. Mint. Of course our coin was below Standard, and it fell to its actual or intrinsic Value as soon as the fact was discovered. Where better money is not on hand to serve exchanges, ours is offered and taken for as much as it is worth, and no more. To deny the charge of our *forcing* it into circulation, except to Simpletons, is absurd. I don't believe the power of the Tsar of Muscovy can

make his subjects think black is white, or give gold dollars in even change for gilt-washed five cent pieces.

7. This, with the no less grave charge of Murder, made in the body of the Report, and to which our whole community are accused of being accessories, I shall consider by itself and at length. Meantime, asking to be found "NOT GUILTY in manner and form as in the indictment is alleged against us :"—Trial!

8. Trial, I say, Trial! The Episcopalians in England and Ireland, the *genteelest* religionists in the world—particularly in the dry goods line—levy and forcibly collect their Tithe Tax from the people of all denominations, carting the sheaf and driving off of the pig to be sold. I don't think, however, it can be the particular Decimal Ratio Brocchus objects to, since he put one of our citizens under contribution for a much larger proportion of his annual profits of business, having borrowed the same, and come away without remembering to return it. I have in my possession two nice little notes of hand of his to Mr. J. W. Coolidge of Kanesville, which I will give the Congressional Committee on Claims their 'Tithing' or Ten per cent. to collect for me.—In the United States, the Quakers and many other sects manage the thing, by making up statedly their Budget of expenses for the current year, and assessing each of their members his share, according to his seeming means. Then a collecting Committee visits each one, to say, "Brother Nathan, or Obadiah, Friends have computed thy yearly rate to be—so much; which we will now receive of thee"—and if Brother Nathan or Obadiah, as the case may be, does not poney up, without discount for cash payment, promptly—he had better join some other meeting—that's all.—Mormons do not go so far. They declare as much as a tenth part of the annual increase or income of their members to be the Due of the Church, but they do not exact it. It is a Free Will Offering purely, to be estimated by the giver, and is not accepted from those who are not in full communion. Yet, by its being appropriated to the erection of Public buildings and similar purposes, the citizens of Utah who do not contribute to the Tithe Fund are participators in its benefits. So far is the impression sought to be conveyed by this charge, from being true. I would

like to be able to set down more to Fun than to Malice, the charge associated with it (9) of our levying "*enormous* taxes from citizens not members." The meaning of this is, that, being practical Temperance Men, we have been imposing a sort of Old European Town Gate duty on Ardent Spirits brought into Salt Lake City for sale. It makes Inebriety pay dear there, and no mistake; but then "citizens not members," from Brocchus to bully Billy Smith inclusive, are free to go forth a day's march into the Commonwealth of our neighbours the Diggers, those "free men not fanatics" who eat slugs and grubs and, spurning other attire, pomatum their independent heads with mud; and get drunk among them as cheap as they please. If our Law is unconstitutional, depends on his Honor Chief Justice Taney and the Supreme Court of the United States; may it please Judge Brandebery, whose aversion to cold Water I regret to have recorded to posterity. But I wonder, (seeing that Mr. Man's Invention is Captain Anything's special standard-bearer,) Brocchus did not fish up something in this line more to the purpose, against Governor Young. I can give him a hint, for his next *Official Document furnished the papers in advance.* The "Well Regulated License System" playing the very devil among the Wigwams, the Maine Liquor Law is the Law of the United States I believe over our whole Indian Territory. It is the duty of Indian Agents to see this Law enforced. Governor Young is, under his appointment, one of these. Hearken, O Great Soul of Brocchus! I have seen more than one Cask of Whiskey, "*sacriligeously*," as thou wouldst say, staved in, and its fire-water set running out upon the ground. Hot butter beans. Ahem!

(10.) This, Lie the last, being as groundless as the others, makes up the contingent of each of the three officers—Three lies apiece. "Almost, and very nigh, saves many and many a lie;" but the last and least of compliments I am forced to withhold;—they are not even ingenious lies!—Again, for the last time, I call for Trial, and dare the officers to back their words by Perjury!

The Paragraph disposed of, I can now scatter my fire. But I must first of all advert to a shade of speciousness that there is in the charges branded by me, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 10, and the rest,

where the standing nominative, "the Mormon Church" is made so largely answerable for the doings of its members.

It is the old Trick of the enemies of Religious Liberty, persuading the ignorant to confound the two notions of *Spiritual* or strictly Religious influence, and *Material* or Political influence. They often go hand in hand, but they are two things entirely distinct and independent of each other. The Sun gives Heat and gives Light both, often; but a candle may light a room that is below Zero, and a lamp black Stove heat it in perfect darkness as hot as a summer's day. Or, take another illustration. Upon a hint from our (not *Native*) American Cardinal Go Bragh, the old Pope's Managers send a Block of Marble to the Managers of the Washington Monument. To think as I do, that the consequence of this neighborly compliment will be to produce a certain amount of good feeling responsive to it, is to believe in the *Spiritual Influence* of this Block of Marble; to think that it is charged with percussion caps, rockets, and poisonous projectiles, that, when the block of marble is hoisted to its place, will explode like the Princeton's gun, or an old Gunpowder Plot, killing the Monument Committee, and an assortment of Members of Congress, an equally irreparable loss to their country, this is to believe in its *Material Influence.* Some people—though chiefly, to be sure, infirm females advanced in years,—do, I know, believe the Pope is a particular style of Guy Fawkes. Still, it remains another thing for him to combine *ex-officio* the powers of this worthy with those of, say Dr. Samuel Watts.

This false Notion about Churches, extends, too, to the influence of the Members of Churches. Men will rise out of all sects, fitted to exercise power outside their sects; and, for this reason, having the greater influence inside their sect. And this cannot be avoided. But what a silly thing to scream out against that sect for its Good Fortune: "Beware of the Congregationalists: the rule of their Primate, Timothy Dwight, is Supreme." "Beware of the Unitarians: they unite under Cardinal Channing." "That Scotch Pope, Chalmers, sends his orders over to American Presbyterian General Assemblies; away with him!" I have named at random here three notable Reverends, who were men of substance, ruling

in their own right. Maybe they conspired: Maybe they did n't. They are all dead now—and what's the odds?—Or what odds more would it have been if they had had in Fact the sham Titles I have given them. I am called Brigadier; Mr. Benton is not seldom now dubbed the Lieutenant General. Are we, is the Country, any the better or the worse for that? I can tell you, simple W. E. Channing was, all his life, twenty times as much a real Bishop as your titular Onderdonk. And what's more, whether a recent public lecturer appears before his audience "in a clerical habit of brown cloth reaching to the feet and bedecked with a profusion of small red buttons, and on his breast, a large crucifix of gold, pendent from a chain around his neck," or whether he prefers a garb less Irish and dramatic, and more genteel, Pius the IX., the Ferretti Pope, will have just as much influence in New York as it suits the real Pope, John Hughes, to let him; and no more.—When will men learn to look beneath the surface of things!

I shall not argue this question. I am ashamed to need to argue it in this Country. But I can see, the Wrong View of it is like to make Trouble enough for our Confederacy. On our road to Universal Empire, we have to pass through Catholic countries; Canadas, Cubas, and Mexicos, with their whole regiments of titled Bishops, Abbots, Priests, Jesuits, and Friars. And sooner or later, as we swallow them down we will find this bone of Bigotry sticking in our gullet. The Point must be met and settled. And perhaps, We are as well able to meet it as others;—but, meantime, the Song may be "Hardest fend off, and look out for splinters!"

Eight years ago, I remember, I was in the Ministry at Philadelphia, when the Native party was got up; and there was nothing people wouldn't credit of the *Material* Influence of the Pope; the Romans were going to be down on us so soon! And what issued of it? Our Protestanters burnt two of the Catholic churches, and I don't know how many of their dwellings! *The Dog it was that died.* A word to the wise, Dr. Ryder, and discreet Society of Jesus!

There is a great deal in the Report, about the influence of Brigham Young—unbounded influence of Brigham Young, &c. &c.;

and we are told: "he rules as he pleases without a rival or opposition, for no man dares question his authority." This, you observe is quite good abuse, provided you will confound the Governor's Personal or Political with his Church or Religious authority. Now, a word about this BRIGHAM YOUNG. When Joseph Smith lived, a man about whose real character and pretensions we differ, JOSEPH was often and almost invariably imposed upon by those in whom he placed his trust. There was One Man, almost only that One of his early adherents, he could always rely upon to stick closer to him than a Brother, steadfast in Faith, clear in Counsel, and foremost in Fight. He seemed a plain man to us in those days, of a wonderful talent for business and hundred horse power of industry, but least of any thing affecting Cleverness or Quickness. "Honest Brigham Young," or "hardworking Brother Brigham" was nearly as much as you would ever hear him called, though he was the almost universal executor and trustee of men's wills and troubled estates, and the confidential manager of our most intricate church affairs. We had a piebald sort of luck in those days. At last the fullness of time was come for JOSEPH to obey his own Prophecy and be slain, and his body with his brother Hiram's was brought to us one afternoon from Carthage Prison, bleeding all the way upon the wagon in which they were laid and against the boughs and hay placed under and over them to dead the jolting and keep off the flies. Brigham Young was not in Illinois at that time; but, when our foes, grown fierce by their tasting of blood, rose in packs that became Armies to hunt us down; when the Nauvoo sky was reddened after sundown by the firing of the outfarm Settlements, and white-necked women, gathering their nightclothes about them as they ran came flying to us for shelter, and stray children appeared in the streets hungry and asking for their parents; in that hour of trial, and doubt, the worst of trial, the hopes of all who still hoped for the Human race and loved their God, were turned on him. Many who pretended to much Higher Gifts were put aside though offered. By the unanimous vote of the People in Great Council assembled, BRIGHAM was called to take the place of JOSEPH. Then first were made manifest his admirable Gifts. He rallied the hearts of the wa-

vering, and inspired them with a portion of the Courage that was in him. He led us through the perils of the wilderness to the Canaan we inhabit, and, called to the duty it was denied Moses and Joshua to unite, he planted us also hopefully in the wonderful peace and prosperity we there enjoy. And will we desert him now? Yes! when we can find an equal man to take his place, any Man or son of Man as wise a Thinker, as good a Ruler of other men.—I can't undertake to explain Brigham Young to your Atlantic citizens, or expect you to put him at his value. Your great men Eastward are to me like your ivory and pearl handled table knives, balance handles, more shining than the inside of my watch case; but, with only edge enough to slice bread and cheese or help spoon victuals, and all alike by the dozen one with another. Brigham is the article sells out West with us, between a Roman cutlass and a beef butcher knife, the thing to cut up a deer or cut down an enemy, and that will save your life or carve your dinner every bit as well, though the handpiece is buck horn and the case a hogskin hanging in the breech of your pantaloons. You, that judge men by the handle and sheath, how can I make you know a good *Blade?*

If I were going to make one point for Brigham more than another, it would be his likeness in character to the great Man of Old, of whom it was said, that whatever you saw him once take up, you would have said it was the occupation of his life. Brigham naturally can judge between right and wrong quicker than any mortal I ever saw. He is nice in his person, and must have every thing "just so" about him; his pride, moreover, is in his affectionate and joyous temper, and a humanity that makes the dogs and cattle know him to love him. For all social harmonies, too, it is true of him by figure as it is besides in fact, that "he loves all the best *music* that heart can invent." But he has no mind for some kinds of niffy naffy finical whilly whaing. He has *never tried* to make himself a Lamb, or a Dandy, or a Lawyer; and therefore neither can I try here to make him out such. And, if men don't treat him well, and rather make up their minds to be his enemies, I go out of my way here to say what I think to his credit: it is 54° 40′ then or fight: he has no manners to spend

on them at all. He can't smile and stab in the same wink, as they learn to do in Washington.

When he led the Van of our Pioneers, seventy strong, pushing for the Great Basin for the first time, we were met by the Pawnee Warriors, in force say eight hundred mounted men, demanding that we, and all who followed us, should pay tribute for passing through their country. Brigham gave us our orders beforehand quietly, and we halted still till they were crowded close upon us, threatening, and off their guard. Suddenly, at the word, down went our rifles to the sights, and covered all the Head men and Chiefs individually, and *then* Brigham spoke up his answer: "Now down off your horses this instant or you Front Rank are dead in a snap!" This was all the answer he gave. Themselves then asked pardon: And no more trouble from the Pawnees have we had since!—Our saying hence is, Brigham treats his unfriends *Pawnee fashion*. After they have once proved their ill-will, good bye to compliments: he shows what a proud man he was born; and, if his scorn is quiet, it is the harder to bear. Here is the explanation, if any were needed, of a scene particularly attested by Boy Harris, who, coming into the Governor's Room at a time when he was administering a rebuke to an unfaithful public servant of our own sect, was so ignorant of the first rudiments of politeness as to sit out their whole interview.—Brigham Young can mix up devotion and drollery, eloquence and old English, quaintness and magnanimity, with a variety that only the most highly educated order of perception can fully appreciate. How then, in the name of Grace, could such common-place feckless flunkies as our forlorn snobs of Officers, be expected to understand the man? You might as well have brought together old Oliver Cromwell and the turnspits of Charles Stuart's kitchen. His demeanor quizzed them, his jests puzzled them, his religion scared them, and his acts confounded them. There is one Fact shines out in Brocchus's letter. "Had he (Gov. Young) pointed his finger at me," says the "*defender of his country*," "had he pointed his finger at me, in that instant, I should have been a dead man." I shall not deny that Brocchus really did think so!

To cross back to my argument. Briefly: We Mormons may

value Brigham Young most for his Spiritual Endowments, and we may believe we owe him *most* for his guidance of us on our *Heavenly* pilgrimage. In the Good Old cause of God's Rule and Man's Happiness, *we know* he is the Champion who will bite the Firebrand that stands in his way, and who if hacked to pieces, will stand up in every piece to fight on for the right. In the great cause of Redemption and its Holy War, *we have seen* in him combined the virtues of the four Captains Shaddai sent to regain Man-Soul, those "rough hewn men that were fit to break the ice and make their way by dint of sword." We may *think*, besides, he can go down into the Black Den and drag forth Devils thence like Putnam's wolves: I *may* choose to say even we believe he is Greatheart himself, incarnate to slay the Giants Grim, Maul, Slaygood, and Despair, and conduct safe our pilgrims to the land of Beulah and the gate called Beautiful. What matters it; so long as outside and above all this—which to you is within the realm of Superstition, to us within the sphere of Heaven—there is that more than enough which makes Brigham Young stand up like Saul the King, a head and shoulders above all other men?—And So be it ever!

As for Mr. Young's personal opinions on subjects at large: for men so much his inferiors as these or any others to call him to account for them, is sheer Impertinence. Out of the range of his official duties, he has as much Right to think what he pleases, and say what he thinks, as any other Citizen of the United States, Mormon, Methodist, or Presbyterian. Is he to be outlawed because he holds unpopular opinions of Zachary Taylor? I will give mine then to be pilloried, as they accord with his. Taylor is not to be compared with Washington, no, nor with Jackson; and never justly will be, so long as a General's greatness is measured by the lives he *saves* and not the lives he *sacrifices*. Do you want to try the two together? Look at Taylor at Monterey, and our poor fellows' blood running there by Gutters full, through his obstinate ignorance; and then look at Jackson after the Battle of New Orleans, urged to gain renown by attacking the British in retreat, but saying: "No, Sir; by God, I am bound to the Father and Mother of every Boy that's followed me from Tennessee to bring

him back safe and sound!" When Brigham Young looks into the Future, does he see Old Greyhead Jackson at the Judgment seat of God? The bodies of his (six and seven) thirteen men killed at New Orleans, come up at the Trial and stand by to grasp his hand, while they thank him for saving their beloved country. But, when they call up Zachary Taylor, thousands of Widows and Orphans, wailing, flock to lay their complaints before the Eternal Throne; and, at their head, their spokesman, appears an earthly orator the Death Angel is now just calling for—and he demands vengeance for the slaughter of his gallant son—and this is Henry Clay! When *I* lay my head down to die, I want no weight upon it like the Glory of Buena Vista.

And, as for the Governor's language—his "vehemence," and "vulgarity," and "obscenity," as the Pole Kittens Editor characterizes it—and, as for the language of Mormons in general, (see "language profane," "bitter exclamations," "invectives of great bitterness," &c., &c.,) it is our Boast, that, as we have manners and customs growing up in our Basin, differing from those of the people lying across the Beaten Tracks of Travel; so we have already, a style of speaking all our own. My Theory is, this Nation has not been pushing round the globe Westward till it has come to the East again, without becoming fitter to enter the Eastern World than it was when it started. My word for it, you'll see our Jonathan American's Sombreros from San Francisco, walk into Japan and China, just where the Old Bull Englishmen's Gaiters behind them have failed entirely. People don't note the progress of The Preparation. But it has been going on in Speech just as it has in habits and fashions. I don't ask you to believe as I do, that Mormonism is going to be the great entering wedge of new civilization into Asia. But what I have to say now, and do say, is that the people of Utah, in their Manners evince more of this adaptation, as you would call it, more of the CHARACTERISTIC WAYS of Western men; and in their Speech also bring out more forcibly those Hyperbolic Fancies which, though you style them SCREAMERISMS, are the earnest of future Splendors in Oriental diction, than the Citizens of any other part of the Union. If the Territory of Utah is to be called to account for

the sayings of its citizens of their Ex-Presidents, I offer myself again for condign punishment. At one of our public celebrations, the name of a late chief Magistrate being proposed for a Groan, it was received with such spirit that the chair called upon me to couple it with an *impromptu* sentiment; and, glasses being fresh filled for the purpose with the whitest water, I gave:

"Matty and Mobocrats: May they be winked at by blind people, kicked across lots by cripples, nibbled to death by young ducks, and carried to Hell through the key hole by bumble bees!" —(Signed Chesterfield.)

The Report or Information, assumes to give Select Expressions of other prominent members of the Church,—all of them, with the exception of those of Wells already noticed, utterly false or garbled. With regard to Mr. Wells', they are his sentiments, and good or bad taste, as they can't set the Capitol Library on fire again, nor blow up the new earthquake-proof foundations, he has a right to them, I think. But if he hasn't, tell me, is it any wonder that some of those who have gone through what we have in Illinois should extend their reproaches to the Government of that State, to the Federal Government even? Believe the operation by which we were cut out from Missouri with the knife, ever so wholesome Surgery—will you not pardon the Hospital Patient one fretful groan? Sprinkle salt on the Worms cut in sunder by your Ploughshare, and shall they not *once* turn? In the name of all that is sacred, too, if it be English Law or American Right to disfranchise a whole Commonwealth for the misdeeds of a few of its inhabitants, into what Taboo of Degradation too great, can be consigned the State of Illinois? I am most amazed at the Effrontery that is not abashed, in this connection, to remind the country of our past distressing History! It was not necessary to the success of our Enemies' Evil Scheming that they should call upon me to enter into the discussion of a matter so discreditable to the people of two of our most powerful States. I will give them a lesson in National and Patriotic Pride when I refuse to do so.—God, who saw it, knows it bears no glossing.—It is a simple story of impudent, unblushing Outrage, of religious persecution by irreligious scoundrels, backed by timorous and

time serving politicians, traitors to every true and honest principle. My narrative would find reluctant credence were I to recount at length the atrocious details of the Mormon War in Missouri, and that in Illinois which was its continuation and conclusion. During its prevalence, every crime in the statute book was violated with impunity. Robbery! they robbed our poor sufferers of every thing, despoiling us of property to the amount of millions of dollars. Murder! Murder was rife, at every time, of every shape: murder in the field, where the body was buried for the hogs to find it; murder in the home, the blood washing the hearth stone. Neither age nor sex was spared; they murdered the frightened crying little child; the gray haired grandsire of Revolutionary times, whose blood flowed scantily from his death wound; the mother, with her babe upon her breast; the father, whose death was known to give his orphans to starvation. And all this shamelessly, and in open day. The family looking on, they murdered the father: by torture; by beating, maybe, till the wretch's bowels gushed asunder, or till death came on, after the bones, by the lashing, stood out white from the shredded flesh. Worse! the family looking on, they violated the mother, the virgin sister, whose blushing limbs were made the mark of stripes and blows, even after they had been subject to the violence that leaves the deeper brand of shame. Worse still! I must believe those awful crimes were committed that we read of with loathing and horror in tales of the sack and storm of fortress cities, but which the tongue of Christian man righteously refuses to name. Aye, before God, worse still. But let me not dare to be the feeble recorder of crimes written in their awful black on high!

—My readers who are American citizens, will gladly excuse me the printing so blotted a page of our National History.

I am, sir, till you hear from me again,

Your obedient servant,

Jedediah M. Grant.

LETTER III.

"Who is it then whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes Me afraid?
A Man! An heir to death! A slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

Mr. Bennett,—

Before going on with my letter, I must avail myself of a piece of good Fortune opened to me. It would be a Great Thing for some poor little children, if when in the night-time they are told the bugaboo is at the foot of their bed, the daylight could be straightway let in on it, and made to expose its true character of pillow-case, bolster, or cast off smock of the lying child's-nurse. Such opportunities to undeceive should never be lost, and I therefore call attention to the late news from Utah, that we have declared our Independence, and, to the number of 40,000 in arms, as some make it, have fortified our settlement to resist invasion from the United States. In your Editorial perverting my letter you announce your belief in this: it has been specially accredited by letters to the Intelligencer and other papers: it has been the theme of any quantity of sage discoursing at our expense; I may say, that on the whole no ill report about us yet has been presented in a form better entitling it to general acceptance. Now, hold it fast, Reader, I say: don't let this go out of your mind or memory; I stake upon it my credibility against that of my opponents in this issue. If it be proven true, believe all I have stated to be Falsehood, unworthy of an honorable man; but if it prove false, then remember that it has been proved false, and when, *the next time*, the fly swallower asks you to take up his Cry of Wolf against us, have the grace to respond: Once does me

with the same raw head and bloody bones: Any thing more about that 40.000, my friend, I must henceforth beg to refer to the Committee on the Enlightenment of the Marines!

Suppose a lad has played Truant; has begun by that first and foremost. What account does the master make of his excuses afterwards? "On the road I met a boy, a-and he wouldn't let me a-come-a." "I don't believe it was any boy at all," says the Schoolmaster. "Oh, yes Sir, Indeed; It was Billy Slate Pencil." And the schoolmaster knows good Billy has been in his form ever since school let in. What more does he care to ask, before he gives the truant his good trouncing, unless, maybe, what it really was put him up to his bad behavior.—These scape-grace men *have begun* by running away from School. Their excuses, thought to afterwards, are nothing here nor there. But a sensible man may still enquire; What did they run away for? This is a fitting place to bring in some explanation of it.

It would be hard to persuade some of our people that the three were not in a plot together, to stir up troubles, and bring us to meet such another brunt in Utah, as in Illinois ended in our being driven from our garden homes there. But I take a more simple view of the case. What men who are not conscience driven, go out to new countries for, I take it, is to Seek their Fortunes, more or less like the younger sons in the Story books. Sam. Brannan, formerly of our Church, goes out to Saint Francisco to make his pile of a Million; or Jacky Badboy leaves his poor folks in Vermont, to be returned the Honorable John Longlegs of Sicklynoy. Money or Political Honors, one or other, men expect to get; or else they stay at home.

Now, Utah is no place for ease in either of these pursuits. In the first place, though we have no gold mines among us, they are near enough to give us California prices for what we consume. In California, the State Judges complain at getting, in the District Court, only $6,500, and in the Supreme Court, $10,000 a year; the United States give our Judges and Secretary but $1,800 a year. No fortunes to be saved out of these; with flour often as high as $12 a barrel; six cent sugar at 37½ to 45 cents, and ten cent coffee at 40 to 50 cents; in other words, with freight charges

alone from the place of first import of 14 cents a pound on every thing, from a bar of soap to a bar of iron!

And, as for politics, it is still worse. We burnt our fingers once with hot politics. We hate politics—hate them,—and thank our fortune most that we have so little call to meddle in them. We have only one delegate to elect, and to that one delegate give but one precept; that he is to leave party questions alone. Yet our views of our own interests and the merits of our public servants are clear and decided enough. The confidence we place in the men we have approved through our trying perils, is, in my sight, beautiful. It shows itself in the smallest as well as the greatest public affairs; and a stranger could not be a week in our country without making up his mind that his words and influence could not weigh a feather in the scale against the counsel of the men thus tried and trusted. And so found out on his arrival P. Brocchus, who thought to climb on to the Quarter deck through our hawse hole. And if *they* looked for it too, so found out the others.

Now it is enough everyway for my reasoning, to know that the run-away officers were disappointed and discontented with their Prospects. So far would *I* be from accusing them of being men of the mould at all to contrive or carry out a conspiracy of moment, that I should rather say, that being the feeble natures that they were, and not controlled by ruling convictions of honor or duty, they were just the more likely to be influenced by transitory and inconsiderable causes. To their main disappointment, they were perhaps able to add each his little special cause of discontent. Brochy, as he avows, only came out to us to be sent back Delegate. Unhappy Brandy sucked the Julep of May and December; and boy Harris found his gray mare the better horse. It is all sober truth that I have printed of Brandy. We did our best, as I have stated, to bring him acquainted with the dames and ripe damsels that were of the place; but he was ashamed to make himself much for wholesome or equal company, and liked too much to be alone to benefit himself or them. So, what was Heaven's judgment on the untimely gallant but to prick him to make up to the little girl I have mentioned? Had he only fancied

some elderly lady *like himself;* after some mutual carriages of love, "Brandy would have become the Latin for Goose," the turtle doves would have soon got under pie crust, and flocks of little carrier pigeons would have flown forth to the United States bearing no tidings but the praises of Utah and all big and little Mormons under their happy wings. Harris, for his part, was affected the opposite. He had not been long married; and his wife, they said, who was weakly and kept him pretty close, was *notiony* besides; so thought she would have a particular call to go to her Mother after the winter had set in to interrupt the travel. But I rather liked the looks of the little fellow, myself, and should be sorry if the Governor offended him. According to a story, he took the notion the Secretary was *his Clerk*, and accosted him soon after they met, producing a written paper, and saying, "I want it copied from here to here," (showing him) "and be sure you have it done to bring it to me to-morrow morning early;" which I think it quite natural for a young man to be chafed at, who was holding Office for the first time.

Though thus perhaps, quite early discontented, I think they were without original or settled definite purpose. Their endeavoring to cozen us out of more than the law gave them, I look upon as merely incidental. But they were afterward led, I apprehend, from step to step and circumstance to circumstance, as weak men generally are. This of course gave Brocchus with his fixed purpose of going home, a great advantage over the two others. He virtually committed them, the moment he was able to keep them from disavowing his misconduct at the Conference. What little notions they may have had of self respect or official duty being soon after sacrificed, he could have had small difficulty in persuading them finally to join his sort of moonlight flitting for the East. Once run off, of course they came home to public notoriety.—

> "Hodge speaks of the fair,
> By the profit he had there."

—To justify himself, each made up his story, and each had to support one grown by telling. Their united fables, in conclave la-

bored into concordance, and done into English by a Washington pen, form The Report.

"From being a beggar among kings, you shall be a king among beggars."—I know I am right in rating among the substantial disappointments of the officers, the non-fulfilment of this prophecy in their not finding themselves out to be the great men and Cæsars of the village they came out to rule. I read in an old book sometime ago the Story of I remember not what royal child, I think though a son of the King of Naples, who, being more than half an idiot, was confined in apartments by himself, with attendants who, in a gentle and flattering way, watched him like the keepers of a mad house. Poor Prince Philip had sense enough to know his condition, though not enough, literally, as the phrase is, to keep his head out of the fire. One morning at breakfast, after he had poured out the contents of the tea pot over the back of his hand and scalded it dreadfully, "Ugh!" he exclaimed, "Ugh! I don't remember; tell me what it was happened to me last night." "My Lord the Natural, you gave us call to have the bed clothes changed." "Ugh! no, ugh! What else?" "Also, my Lord, upon your attaining your twenty-fifth year, the Royal Philosophical Society of Learned Men elected your highness to be one of their body." "Can't be," he responded, sobbing, "can't be; Philip is as big a fool as ever!" —I honestly believe the weakness of these vain fellows was such, that, by dint of turkey-gobblerish bloatings up over the notion of their magnificent titles and appointments, they expected, on or before being sworn in, to undergo, as it were, a grand palingenetic change—thought in fact to wake up and see themselves the morning after, Brocchus an orator, Brandebury knowing something about law, and Harris a six footer of stately port and dignified demeanor. Bad enough to wake up from such a pleasant dream; but, how much worse to be shaken by the shoulders out of it by that dreadful Brigham Young, a quoter of such thoughts as, "Why is dust and ashes proud?" "An ass is an ass if you call him a lion," "Death only discovers how little the small bodies of men are," &c., &c.; a man who casts off all kinds of titles as frippery only fit for understrappers, and insists, maybe,

upon wearing the plain clothes at the very time he should be waited upon by the splendid liveries. What burdens in our Earthly Servant's Hall, are the born Masters of men! Since the Governor received his appointment, they tell a story, that an English snob having to address a communication to him, superscribed it, "To his Excellency, Brigham Young, Governor of Utah, Indian Agent for the Territory, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." "I see," says Brigham, "you have given me my Titles." "Yes," says the writer, smoothing himself down satisfied, "yes, Governor, I think they are all there." "No sir," says the Governor, "they are not; you have left out a most important one, the first I was ever honestly entitled to in my life, and which I have done nothing to be cashiered of since." "You mean the Generalship, Governor; beg pardon, allow me to add it, Sir," says the snob. "No, Squire Eglon," says Brigham; (he called him this jocosely, because, like Eglon king of Moab, in the Scripture, he was "a very fat man,") "no matter now, Squire, but next time you shall put it in by itself, without the others. It will read then right sprucely:

'For his Excellency, Brigham Young,
Painter and Glazier.'"

The Excuse pays the highest possible tribute it can, in my judgment, when it attempts to authenticate its cock and bull stories, to account for the Governor's extraordinary sway and authority and influence. It is in History that a clever French woman, named Dancre, was executed for her sorcery in governing the Queen after her own desires. "By what witchcraft," said her enemies to her on her way to death, "by what witchcraft have you obtained such an ascendency?" "By that," answered she, "that a strong nature will always have over a weak one." It is so with men; it is so with the wild horses on the Prairie where one Lord Stallion leads the line; and it is so with the Mormons. Young, Mr. Young, Mr. B. Young, Elder Young, President Young, or Governor Young, call him what you please, is the one appointed Ruler and Leader of our people. The President may call another Man Governor even, and it won't be different. It can't be helped. It is the old story of MacDonald, the Lord

of the Isles. Coming in late to the Lord Mayor's dinner, and taking his place at the foot of the board, the Mayor sent him a message to come higher up, and repeated it, saying, "Come, take a seat near me *at the head of the Table.* To which McDonald returned answer by the servant, "Tell your Master that where McDonald is, *there is* the head of the Table." "Where the King is there is the Court," runs the adage. Where Brigham Young is, there *is* the head of the Table. And it will be as long as he lives. And it can't be helped.

If you want to see what grade of politicians these men or their prompters are; look at the care they take to convey the impression we are bold and sturdy, and knowing of our deserts. When the Governor asked them *to dine* (!), for instance, they "*believed* it was to show how brave and independent he could be in his declarations," &c., &c. Throughout these letters, I have refused to bow to any popular prejudice, and I will not now uncover my head to one so low as this. I do not believe either, that any American citizen, not of the lowest black-neb riff-raff and rabble of the cities, thinks less of any man, or set of men, for a proper sense of self-respect and consciousness of merit. A just Pride, not Vanity, tells as much for Communities as Individuals. It is our praise that we are proud. I go again in the stocks for this. Yes! Earthly Heaven of our stormy voyaging! Deseret! fair blushing cloud that tells the morning of the splendors of the day star to rise! rosy shadow of things hoped for, golden evidence of things not elsewhere seen! and thou, too, blest youthful City,

"The New Hierusalem that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people purged from sinful guilt,
With precious blood that cruelly was spilt.

"The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest Heaven's gladsome company,
And with great joy unto that city wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend,"

Sweet Home! Dear Utah!—As I look out from my little fourth

story window here, upon its landscape of dark back-yards and stinking alleys, does not my heart faint now, to dwell among thy saints! Yes, Sir, you whose pride it is to dissect every high affection to the skeleton, and sneer at every unworldly sentiment—Yes Sir, proud I am, and proud we all are of our Utah Home, through all the shame that is cast upon it here.—Not proud of its mountains, its rivers, lakes, woods and fields, for we think these are no more part of us than of any other of God's children. Nor proud of its wealth:—

"Were this the charter of our State,
On pain of hell, be rich and great,
Damnation then would be our fate
Beyond remeed;
But, thanks to Heaven, That's no the gate
We learn our creed."

—You are rich in New York Town, you raise your yearly crops of Merchant Princes and Millioners, with pike-eat-pickerel overgrown-fortunes who build their chateaus so high they can look clean over the Five Points. But what's all this for glory, when it has on and over it the runnings and rotmarks of Sin that is Shame? What, Sir, I ask you, are whole dreadful columns of advertisements in your Paper, but the image of a state of society so radically corrupt, diseased, and wretched, that the charlatans of science are paid fortunes for pretending to palliate a fraction of its sufferings? In *our* country, we don't see what you look at every day. We don't see old men in the highway picking up manure with their fingers, or children in cotton-factories dwarfing their backs before their milk teeth are shed. We don't wear pantaloons sewed at ten cents a pair, and French nose-rags brocaded at one hundred dollars apiece. We don't have churches laid out in Sunday opera-boxes, for fashionable hiring. We don't see men hire other white men to wait on them at table, with bands round their hats, and cockades and uniforms to set off and proclaim their miserable subjections. Our men don't see their own species put out their hands to them for alms in the streets; and, Sir, my Lord, they don't see what's worse, able-bodied young women for money asking the favor God has made Man to beg of Woman, and that even the Dog asks of his Female! What is

quoted for our ancestors and forerunners of Plymouth is true of their descendants of Utah: "As Ireland will not brook venemous beasts, so will not that land vile livers." Heaven be praised! there is not yet, a brothel or a beggar, or a dram-shop or a drunkard, or a thief or a tavern keeper, or a palace or a prostitute; no, thank God! not one of them yet, in all our settlement.

And this is why we have a right to grow up proud. The Boys hear stories that come up to them through the South Pass; about their brethren being of no account in the States; that they aren't any of them asked to Dinner parties, or called out at Public Meetings or invited to lecture on Chastity and French China, or give their opinions for publication on the Right of Intervention, and whether Saltpetre will explode; and, on the contrary, are nearly everywhere, insulted by hideaway newspaper writers, preached over by parsons, pointed at even by politicians, and, generally, are treated about as shabbily as the first Christians were by the last Jews. But they—do *they* mind this, any more than any other Tales that are told? They whose lungs breath a sky air darker blue than your Atlantic out of soundings, who point their deer-tracks hunting by Mountain Peaks that are never out of sight or naked of perpetual snow, who drink the ice-water of glacier cascades, and cut timber in passes and topple it down canyon chasms near three times as high as your Niagara Falls, or Trinity Church steeple? Ask *them* is it better to hear the lark sing or the mouse squeak!

"Where the Eye sees the Spirit speeds."—We have, if I am correct, the finest firmament for astronomical observations in the world. It puzzles all computations of distance. I have been told that new-come Emigrants have been known, by paces measured, to shoot at deer a third of a mile off; and I am sure that if a man from the sea-board could alight from a balloon at my house in the afternoon, I could persuade him after he had taken tea to walk with me to West Mountain and back, though it is 23 miles off. I remember, the day we first raised the American Flag on our big Liberty Pole, we found it could be seen from every part of Salt Lake County without a glass: where it seemed small as your head, the red stripes glowed as bright as on a piece of mint stick

in your hand. Think of it, how our boys' eyes fastened on it there, flaunting and flapping as if to dare the whole Earth to spit at it, in our breezy South West Wind! That's the way in highland atmospheres men learn to look at the rights they have. I mean mountaineers, men that shoot with rifles, not shot guns, Sir; be good enough to comprehend. And one thing once for all, I may as well have distinctly understood. We Mormons ask no favors of any man. We are no Helots, here in our own Republic. No taunting yet, has made us reply to the accusations of our want of Patriotism. They say, we are English; we are English this far, that we are no French Gumboes, to jabber on after the chip has been knocked off our hats. I know my own right, too, to stand upon this soil. My Father's paternal Grandfather, or *luckie daddie* as he liked to call him, was from Scotland; but the rest of my ancestors were New Englanders of the oldest stocks. Two of them fought for Independence in the Revolution. My brothers and myself, six footers all, with our own arms and axes have cleared the wood off more acres than we this day own. I have worked hard for my living, now thirty odd years even on. I owe no man a cent. I have never dodged a Tax Collector. I have stood up for my Country in more ways than one, that I dont condescend to mention. Also I have read the Constitution of the United States, Article IV., Section II., Clause 1st. And he that wants me to answer whether I am not as good an American as he is, shall step out like a man and insult me to my face.

I have spoken of the injustice that would have a whole community answerable for the doings of a few individuals in it. This makes me a good Lawyer's defence for the two cases of Murder brought up against our people.

In the first case, John Vaughan—John M. Vaughan of Vermont, though the officers and their report give him the name and points of a Dr. J. R. Vaughan of Indiana or Virginia, who is thought to have been assassinated (by Former Day Saints!) in the Sacramento country—John Vaughan, I say, a Doctor, on his way, it was said, to California, stopped in Utah to try the practice of his profession, and succeeding very well, determined to take up his abode among us permanently. He became a convert to our Re-

ligion; as we hoped, a sincere one, and was baptized, to our considerable satisfaction. It was not a great while, however, before he was found abusing the facilities his medical character afforded him, and at length was detected in open delict with the wife of a respectable citizen of Iron County. The husband was the more incensed at finding the intimacy of the parties had been of long standing, and with difficulty was restrained from violence by the entreaties of his friends. Vaughan now received a solemn warning, and promised reformation. But his evil habits were too strong for him. He was guilty of Adultery under circumstances which added to the enormity of the offence; and, this time, the husband could not be withheld from taking vengeance upon the man who had fouled the milk of his children's Mother. It was in one of our frontier settlements, and as the people were coming out after service from the log school house in which church was held, that the Cuckold walked up to Vaughan and there blew his brains out. They tried the culprit, but he was acquitted.

Howard Egan's case was also one of grevious wrong. Egan was a man who, after a strange career of romantic adventure, found his first peace in the bosom of our Church. Next to his attachment to this representative of the Deity on earth, was that he bore his wife, in body a woman of the rarest beauty, and the mother to him of three children. His love partook of the nature of sinful adoration, and was punished accordingly. Affairs of importance called him to the Gold Country; he was gone over a year; when he returned, bearing the reward of his success, he found his wife had been unfaithful. She met him heavy with the fruit of her sin. Every one knew the paramour, James Monroe, merchant, the friend of William Smith the wayward brother of Joseph, and from his youth upward a member of the Church. He was Egan's friend too, therefore a Traitor. Egan did not remain long to be pointed at. He learned that Monroe was on his road out from the States, with a train carrying merchandise. He set out alone, nor did any know whither he had gone when he went forth to meet them. He came upon the party in the night time. It has been said that he had with him his old house dog, as knowing its nose would scent out the frequent lifter of his door

latch. This is not true; he found his way, by himself, to the wagon in which his betrayer was, and rising upon the tongue ward looked in upon him as he lay sleeping. He was minded then to have his life; but there was light enough to show his human face; and something in the expression of it which persuaded Egan that the sinner's dreams might be indulging him in pleasant guilt, withheld his hand. He left the ill-guarded camp for the grass in which he had picketed his horse, and upon his bear skin there slept until another morning. The horses of the train had not pastured; the men were getting breakfast ready round the fire, when he again appeared among them. Tapping Monroe on the shoulder; James, he said aloud, you must die! then beckoning him apart sat down with him a few rods off to one side. Thirty minutes he assigned him to live, during which he exhorted him to contrition and preparation for his change. At the twenty-fifth minute, he showed by his watch that but five minutes remained of the time in which, if the criminal were so minded, he could assail his executioner. At the expiration of the thirtieth, as he did not move, Egan rose and despatched him, putting a bullet through his brain. Then, sorrowing, returned home.

These crimes, I should remark, date of a time, before any legislation had noticed our existence, and when we were as much without law as any part of California at any time. But, clear of this, what particle of countenance is there for the suspicion that Our People committed them; that they aided or abetted their perpetrators, or were guilty of them art or part?

Now, let me take up the charge of Polygamy, and Governor Young with his score of wives, and a sucking baby a-piece, airing in one omnibus. This is the only specification of the charge. I pronounce it false, and call for the proofs. Who are the other Polygamists? Our Delegate and Myself? We are here, and we brand it as a lie. Who else? Speak out. The Census says our inhabitants stand in the proportion of about 6 males to 5 females. If Polygamy be general among us, every wife must have more husbands than every husband has wives, and this our *qui tam* informers have abstained from charging. Is there any intelligent visitor of our settlements then, who has seen the thing among us?

The otherwise abundantly Itinerant officers visited nowhere outside their boarding-house. If they saw any thing impure there, weren't they the men to shift their lodgings? What was to hinder their being mercilessly hoaxed, too, with what they showed they wanted so much to hear? "Greediest Swallow bolts most gnats." It was Willard Snow, not Professor Orson Spencer, I heard the boys say, stuffed "Brandy Without" with a story that he had two wives, "one at home and one over in the Lot." His defence being, that his first wife was too sound a sleeper for him; and the *great unmixed* did not take the joke that "The Lot" was our Grave-yard, and that the first wife had been snoozing there, for a couple of years! But, as to this charge of Polygamy again: Suppose I should admit it at once; whose business is it? Does the Constitution forbid it? Is there any thing in the Act for the Government of the Territory, forbidding it? And where else are we to find it written down as a crime? Was either Brocchus or Brandebery sent out to hold an Ecclesiastical Court, and to discipline sinners against the Seventh Commandment, for the Good of their Souls? Couldn't their Commission be extended then, while they are living in the District of Columbia on full pay for doing nothing (except writing lies for the newspapers), so as to reform morals *there?* Or, is it true that the concerns of the bed chamber lose their national interest as they approach the shadows of the Capitol? And this leads me again to the Murder charge. Both of the cases spoken of were of Death inflicted on an Adulterer by the hand of the husband who was wronged. I say, the Murder was right; and whatever others of our people may say to the contrary, I for one stand up for the defence! Power of Truth! How I would like to do it here in good, bold, burning words, that would make the groundlings ears tingle, denouncing our whole present system of laws as good for nothing to afford protection to anything but Property, and appealing from them to the Great God's Law, the Law of Principles, that lasts from Hundred years to Hundred years, and ever will last, because it is the simple Logic of Human Right and Duty, the perfect science of all Reason put in practice.

"Shall I for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?"

—Alas! to speak thus, would be Mormonism, and I dare not. But I ask my countrymen, floundering as they are in every State, among the double and triple reformed Constitutions, and Revised and re-revised Revised Statutes, does any amount of *translating* yet seem to fit the Present English Law for Our brave Country? When the Lords of Great Britain could meet their dues from their own Peers, giving verdicts upon Honor, it was all well enough for the rest of the people that had their rights to Bed Board and Wages, but had nothing to do with Honor, Chivalry and Fine Sentiments. But, with the progress of these LATTER DAYS, every American is going to be born a nobleman and a gentleman, and will claim the rights and feel the wrongs of nobleman and a gentleman. And if our Laws do not offer an *honorable* redress to the American citizen, he'll have it outside of the law; because he will seek it by the Duello of the old nobility. The open duels of the West, that pap-fed people make so much fuss over, are one of the greatest signs of civilization of the times. I *have* seen a Duellist protect Virtue and restore Honor.—I never heard of the Law doing it yet. Try it by a case. I have in my house one Flower, a wife or only daughter, through and for whom alone the light of life is dear to me. And a miscreant, not content with robbing me of this, tramples it under foot, defiles it with his filth, and then loading my head with it as a shame turns me—turns us—out on the highway, a jeer and a hissing for the passers by. And am I to be the low Englishman to hire an attorney to sue him in the Courts for a trespass *quia servitium* to get back the Hire I have lost?—the *hire* of my rose-bud, my song bird, my beauty, my darling,—the angel sent me by God, sent down by him to hell! No, by the Lord; but I will spill his blood!

And if I do will they hang me? No, he was on his way again this man, sowing his Rot among the pet lambs, when I met and slew him; and they know it is *they* owe *me* a Bounty for the scalp of his cursed wolf's head.—But I have committed what they must *call* Murder; and for this they must try me, and then hold their own Laws up for a laughing stock, to show how easily they admit a mockery of justice!

If I go on in this strain, I shall be called a fanatic, and discredit

the highest truth that it is in me. But do I speak wild of the facts? Here is a slip I cut from that moral paper the Tribune since you published my other letter:

"Near St. Albans, Vt., the only daughter of a blind mother and decrepit father, rushed before a train of cars, was run over and killed. Cause, seduction under an unfulfilled promise of marriage. How much better than a murderer is the villain who ruined this girl?"

This is the public sentiment. And you can't get a man punished for murder who carries it out; though every once a week about, there is a paragraph runs through the papers of some infanticide or suicide by a girl that has been betrayed. In the New Jersey cases, of Mercer at Camden, and the Irish girl at Jersey City, all the powers on earth could not prevent the Juries from breaking their oaths, to find the assassins insane; and numerous are the cases everywhere, in which, as in that of Dr. Wilson in Maryland, the Governor speaks for the community, when he says as he exercises the right of pardon that "he is ashamed to have to do it." Is this right—to break the law outright, or to evade it, or to have to do a wrong? Shall a whole community—a sovereign people having the right to make their own laws, consent to a confederated hypocrisy, a common juggle? No! swear the Mormons. This is no forefather's law, or law of Ancestors of ours. It is Charles the Second's law; law, the modern fountain of which was that dirty, Scotch-fiddling lecher, foul with all disorders. Two generations nearly before that Kingling came back from the Stews of France, our ancestors had declared the first AMERICAN LAW, the Law of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth Rock, that no English Restoration could disturb. This was the Law of the Bible; that law we now affirm. And by it Adultery is punished with Death. Mark this. Read Bancroft if you want to see if "this penalty was inexorably enforced," and, Spouters for Buncombe, only a little too hastily crammed! read the other Yankee Historians, or else be a little careful what you say. Read them, if you only want to see how many other things that you object against the Mormons, from the Jewish masquerade of Rhode Island to the Seven Pillars of Connecticut, were characteristics of the pilgrims before us. Why? Because, as Norton, one of Bancroft's own

authorities, says, "New England [like Utah,] New England was a religious plantation, not a plantation for Trade."

I hope it will not be long before an Act of our Territorial Legislature making Death the punishment of Adultery, will be up before Congress for its approval or rescission. We will stand there upon the broad question of State Rights. There is room for doubt if a Handful in a territory have a right to decide for themselves a question like that of Slavery, affecting the settlement of Lands, and therefore important to the interests of the United States as the proprietor and Administrator of the Public Domain; but I defy any one, strict constructionist or not, to strike a difference between the right of a fully organized society in a Territory, and one in a State, to decide for itself what shall be its *Domestic Institutions.*

This is not my opinion, but that of eminent men, whose law opinions I have taken. And if the principle of Right is to be violated in our case, hot blood will come of it that I could wish the country spared, in others. Had we had Judges—hemp twisters, not gallows apples—to attend to us, we would have had all these questions, important to our peace, on their road now to the Supreme Court for settlement. But these Forlornities—what a come down it is, to return to their feebleness!—will it be believed—what they *did* do?—They put it in their Report to the President, (who hasn't enough to attend to of his own; oh, no!) that they saw a Murderer running at large! Whose fault was it then? Why didn't they catch him? Why didn't they try him? Whose business was it if not theirs? What else were they appointed for? Maybe there were other criminals at large. If their word is good, adulterers for instance, riding in omnibuses. Then, in God's name, why did they not try *them*, too? What, my masters, suspect this, believe it too, and not think it worth while to empanel a jury, not even summon one, nay, not even open a court! You would persuade us now you were afraid to. What true American really in such a plight would have dared to come back but in a sausage? And what is the word worth of a man not above the shame of saying so? I admit Brocky was scared in the row at the Conference, though certainly "he was scant of news—told his father was

hanged,"—and it is rather queer he should admit it. That disturbance was shocking to us, to be sure, breaking up as it did our religious assembly, and we are entitled to speak of it as a scandal in terms of the strongest condemnation. But as far as it affected Brocchus, looked at merely as a disorderly meeting, hardly one old politician hasn't gone through a dozen such. It is not equal by odds to a divided meeting in Old Tammany. And not one itinerant Abolitionist Lecturer would have been ashamed to face twice the music, with eggs and turnips thrown in. No, my fellow citizens, do the best they may to show that they were cowards and fools, these men were only knaves.

My next and last letter I reserve to review the action of the Committee of Congress. When they have done their duty, examined the officers on oath, and heard the witnesses for our defense, no words of mine will be needed to expose the infamy of our treatment. But what delays the Committee? Can they forget that they are leaving a Territory which is alleged to be disaffected —in open revolt, even, against the United States—nearly as free from all Government influence and authority as it was at the termination of the war with Mexico? May not the President plead fairly that a respectful deference constrains him to wait for their Report before taking his own measures? For it is said, that at least two of the runaways now are waiting to go back, and that one of these, a Judicial officer, will refuse to resign, under the notion that he cannot be removed from office except by impeachment. A word to these persons, who, if they were men, would have hunted me up before this: it will reach them in this public way. Are they sure, now; are you so sure, gentlemen, if you return, you *will* "be safe?" Not, from the cutting of throats and pulling of hair by "a desperate and murderous set," but from the process of the Law of the land, according to the Constitution and organic Act, to wit: Lemuel G. Brandebery, if the President and Congress don't break you by impeachment, you shall be tried in your own Court,—for Libel, Judge Brandebery! You must have learning enough at least to know what that means. For Libel; and, if a Mormon Jury is such a horror to you, what sort of dam-

ages do you think one will give for slanders as base and false as ever invited a false and indignant verdict?

"Contented, now upon my thigh,
I halt,"———

Your obedient servant,

J. M. Grant.

New York, April 25, 1852.

Renvoy.

Of the brave, the impartial, and the gentle-minded who have honored my pages with their perusal, I ask pardon for the style and language I have needed to employ for the cruel, the craven, the bigoted, and the vulgar. If I have not allowed the Beauty of Truth herself to speak but with the words and gesture of the Market and the Ring: if, as I may say, I have needed a Coarse Voice, indeed, to be heard of the prejudiced multitude to whom I have been speaking,—I pray you believe, my friends, this is not natural to me, nor has it been assumed without a sacrifice of feeling. And I make bold to assure you, upon my honor, that, such as it has been hitherto maintained, a Proud Reserve upon all matters affecting us, become the subject of popular clamor, is the characteristic of the Mormon People, if not my own.

J. M. G.

May 2, 1852.

APPENDIX.

I

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

New York, May 1, 1852.

Sir,

I send you copies of my letters to the New York Herald, and request for them your perusal.

Though they are written in a loose and popular style, you will see that I tender issues involving bold decisions in questions of high importance. We claim, in their broadest sense, the Rights of,—

1. Religious Liberty, including the right of Individuals to establish and maintain, as well as to bestow ecclesiastical titles upon, a Church Hierarchy, as far as themselves judge proper.—Upon which, our stand is with the Roman Catholics.

2. Political Liberty, admitting the largest possible power of Self Government in the Community, and the entire Independence of its Domestic Institutions.—Upon which we stand with the opponents of Centralization and advocates of States Rights, and, at the present time, with the South.

And, for all beyond this, we contradict every single statement of the Delinquent officers, and by wage of law or battel will equally rejoice to be brought to prove their falsehood.—We call for the Examination under oath.—Of this we put ourselves upon the Country.—Our last cry is Trial!

Sir, you will be rewarded for all the good you may have it in your heart to do us: I would I could say you will not be punished if you do us wrong; For I am, with sincere respect for the finer features of your character,

Your true wellwisher,
Jedediah M. Grant.

Millard Fillmore,
President of the United States.

II.

THE BROCCHUS LETTER, See Page 28.

" Extract of a Letter from a Judicial Officer of the Government, at Great Salt Lake City, dated September 20, 1851.

" I shall leave for the States on the 1st October, and most gladly will I go, for I am sick and tired of this place—of the fanaticism of the people, followed by their violence of feeling towards the '*Gentiles,*' as they style all persons not belonging to their Church. I have had a feeling and personal proof of their fanatical intolerance within the last few days. I will give you a cursory view of the circumstances and the scene.

" As soon after my arrival here as my illness would permit, I heard from Judge B. and Mr. Secretary H. accounts of the intolerant sentiments of the community towards Government officers and the Government itself, which filled me with surprise. I learned that not only were the officers sent here treated with coolness and disrespect, but that the Government of the United States, on all public occasions, whether festive or religious, was denounced in the most disrespectful terms, and often with invectives of great bitterness. I will mention a few instances. The 24th July is the anniversary of the arrival of the Mormons in this valley. It was on that day of this year that they assembled to commemorate that interesting event. The orator of the day, on that occasion, spoke bitterly of the course of the United States toward the Church of '*Latter Day Saints,*' in taking a battalion of their men from them for the war with Mexico, while on the banks of the Missouri river, in their flight from the mob at Nauvoo. He said the Government of the United States had devised the most wanton, cruel, and dastardly means for the accomplishment of their ruin, overthrow, and utter extermination.

" His Excellency, Governor Young, on the same occasion, denounced, in the most sacrilegious terms, the memory of the illustrious and lamented General and President of the United States, who has lately gone to the grave, and over whose tomb a nation's tears have scarcely ceased to flow. He exclaimed, '*Zachary Taylor is dead and gone to hell, and I am glad of it!*' and his sentiments were echoed by a loud amen from all parts of the assembly. Then, rising in the excess of his passion to his tiptoes, he vociferated, '*I prophesy, in the name of Jesus Christ, by the power of the priesthood that is upon me, that any other President of the United States who shall lift his finger against this people, will die an untimely death, and go to hell.*' This kind of feeling I found pervading the whole community, in some individuals more marked than in others.

" You may remember that I was authorized by the managers of the Washington National Monument Society to say to the people of the Territory of Utah, that they would be pleased to receive from them a block of marble, or other stone, to be deposited in the monument '*as an offering at*

the shrine of patriotism.' I accordingly called on Governor Young, and apprised him of the trust committed to my hands, and expressed a desire to address the people upon the subject, when assembled in their greatest number. He replied that on the following Monday the very best opportunity would be presented. Monday came, and I found myself at their Bowery, in the midst of at least three thousand people. I was respectfully and honorably introduced by '*His Excellency*' to the vast assemblage. I made a speech, though so feeble that I could scarcely stand, and staggered in my debility several times on the platform.

"I spoke for two hours, during which time I was favored with the unwavering attention of my audience. Having made some remarks in reference to the judiciary, I presented the subject of the National Monument, and *incidently thereto* (as the Mormons supposed), I expressed my opinions in a full, free, unreserved, yet respectful and dignified manner, in regard to the defection of the people here from the Government of the United States. I endeavored to show the injustice of their feelings towards the Government, and alluded boldly and feelingly to the '*sacrilegious remarks* of Governor Young towards the memory of the lamented Taylor.' I defended, as well as my feeble powers would allow, the name and character of the departed hero from the unjust aspersions cast upon them, and remarked that, in the latter part of the assailant's bitter exclamation that he '*was glad that General Taylor was in hell,*' he did not exhibit a Christian spirit, and that if the author did not early repent of the cruel declaration, he *would perform that task with keen remorse upon his dying pillow.* I then alluded to my nativity; to my citizenship; to my love of country; to my duty to defend my country from unjust aspersions wherever I met them, and trusted that when I failed to defend her, my tongue, then employed in her advocacy and praise, might cling to the roof of my mouth, and that my arm, ever ready to be raised in her defense, might fall palsied at my side. I then told the audience if they could not offer a block of marble in a feeling of full fellowship with the people of the United States, as brethren and fellow-citizens, they had better not offer it at all, but leave it unquarried in the bosom of its native mountain. At the close of my speech, the Governor arose, and denounced me and the Government in the most brutal and unmeasured terms.

"The ferment created by his remarks was truly fearful. It seemed as if the people (I mean a large portion of them) were ready to spring upon me, like hyenas, and destroy me. The Governor, while speaking, said that some persons might get their hair pulled, or *their throats cut, on that occasion.* His manner was boisterous, passionate, infuriated in the extreme; and if he had not been afraid of final vengeance, he would have pointed his finger at me, and I should *in an instant* have been a dead man. Ever since then the community has been in a state of intense excitement, and murmurs of personal violence and assassination towards me have been freely uttered by the *lower order of the populace.* How it will end I do not know. I have just learned that I have been denounced, together with the Government and officers, in the Bowery again to-day by Governor Young. 'I hope I shall get off safely. God only knows. I am in the power of a *desperate and murderous set.* I, however, feel no great fear. *So much for defending my country.*'

"I expect all the officers of the Territory, at least Chief Justice B., Secretary Harris, and Captain Day, Indian Agent, will return with me, *to return here no more.*"

III.

THE MURDER OF JOSEPH SMITH.

Repeated attempts against the man's person having failed, owing to the devotion of his adherents, the Anti-Mormons, as they were named, succeeded by a recourse to stratagem.

One of their enemies, the commander of a volunteer corps at a town called Carthage, 20 miles distant from Nauvoo, and a sort of Head Quarters of the Anti-Mormons, issued a warrant of arrest against Smith and others, on a charge of riotously *abating a nuisance as municipal officers of the City* of Nauvoo. Smith, his brother named Hyram, and two other companions went to Carthage with an escort to enter bail, but, on arriving, were arrested by another warrant from the same magistrate on a charge of *High Treason*, and, without being brought up on any preliminary hearing or examination, were committed by him to the town jail, on the alleged ground of "an absence of material witnesses for the Prosecution."

Their lives being menaced, Governor Ford had called out a Militia force for thier protection; but, by the 4th day of their incarceration, this all dispersed, with the exception of a company called the Carthage Grays, commanded by the Justice who had lent his judicial process to the original arrest.

The Grays served to prevent the escape of the Prisoners till the time fixed upon for Smith's execution, they then gave him up or to the keeping of an armed band of from 100 to 150 volunteers with blackened faces, who set upon him and his companions, a little after five o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, June 27th, 1844.

The Prisoners were unprepared for their fate. At the dinner table of that day, they augured evil from the eye of fixed interest with which the Jailer seemed to regard them while eating; and this officer heard Smith urge his companions to provide for their safety by separating themselves from him, as far at least as the Prison bounds allowed. They had probably refused to do so, however, and when they were assailed, were seated with him watching the slow passage of a very sultry summer's afternoon, in a little upper story room which had a window looking out upon the open air. They heard almost simultaneously, the forcing the Prison doors, the rushing tramp of feet, and the report of a heavy volley of musketry discharged up the stairway leading to the 2d story, in which they were; and then, immediately after, an Indian yell which the Anti-Mormon troops gave as they charged up the stairway which they thus securely cleared. By a common instinct, the three Mormons sprang to their chamber door. It had no lock or bolt, nor latch that would fasten; but, by pressing against it they thought they would keep it closed. The passage or landing leading to the door was not wide, and they were athletic men, and had the strong instinct of self-preservation which nerves men to exertion on occasions when reasonable hope is vain. Had it been a contest of relative physical force

merely, they might therefore, perhaps, have stood out for some time. But the troops formed at the other end of the landing and fired against the door, which they easily riddled. One of the first shots hit Hyram Smith between nose and eyes and entered his brain. He said deliberately, I am a dead man, and according to the Mormon statements, "like a tree felled and without moving his feet," measured his length lifeless upon the floor. The weapons of the two Mormons, were two walking sticks and a revolving pocket pistol, the worthless one with six barrels, which is the most unsure of all weapons with which a man can be provided in an emergency. As soon as he saw his brother fall, Jo. Smith took this pistol, and pulling open the door himself, commenced firing upon his assailants. The affair was then soon decided. It took a few moments for Smith to discharge three shots from this revolver, and a few more to finish repeated snappings of three barrels that would not go off. This drove back the troops for a little, when they advanced again, also, and thrusting their muskets through the partly opened door, kept up an irregular fire into the chamber. The Mormons maintained their ground sometime longer with their walking sticks, striking down and parrying the direction of the musket barrels. They were thus able to respite their deaths a few moments more. It was some time too, before the Troops entered the room, continuing to fire into it from without. One of the Mormons named Taylor here sprang for the open window, but staggering in the window-sill from the effect of a musket shot in the leg which hit him as he rose, a ball from without struck him in the breast and threw him back upon the floor. Then Smith followed. But the Blackened Faces were in greater force in the Jail yard than the troops inside the Prison. They gave him a volley as soon as he showed himself in the window. Probably at almost the instant he first saw them he was pierced by their balls. He fell reeling some 15 or 20 feet down to the ground under the window, where an end was made of him. He only said as he expired: "My God! My God!" or "Oh Lord My God!" or words to that effect: but they were not content to leave his body unmutilated, stabbing and shooting into it for some time.

Another account of this transaction, also by one not a member of our church, Henry Mayhew, Esquire, of London, will be found in his work recently published, entitled "The Mormons," London, 1851.

IV.

THE MORMON WAR IN MISSOURI, See Page 32.

My forbearance has not prevented persons from objecting to my language, as too strong. I will not suffer it to stand on my own unsupported statement. After our expulsion from Missouri, various bootless attempts were made to institute legal proceedings for the recovery of property, etc.; in some of which the evidence is before me.* I extract from various statements under oath, of eye witnesses, enough particulars to give a notion of the manner in which our different settlements were broken up. I confine

* See, also, Memorial to the Legislature of Missouri, Sess. 1838-9, and the Proceedings had thereon.

myself to two alone, strictly: HAWN'S MILLS, which was one of the most exposed, and FAR WEST, which was by much the largest of our settlements. Our people were scattered all through Caldwell, Ray, Davis, Clay, Clinton, and Corrill Counties, along the streams, and wherever the prairie was suitably drained and timbered, having paid on account of their lands there, and principally into the Treasury of the United States, over 200,000 dollars. The most shocking outrages were, as might be expected, committed upon the families of solitary or scattered settlers. But these two cases will suffice me. Let the witnesses speak for themselves.

HAWN'S MILLS.

Says one witness, David Lewis:

Accordingly, about twenty-eight of our men armed themselves, and were in constant readiness for an attack of any small body of men that might come upon them. The same evening, for some cause best known to themselves, the mob sent one of their number, to enter into a treaty with our friends; which was accepted of, on the condition of mutual forbearance on both sides, and that each party, as far as their influence extended, should exert themselves to prevent any further hostilities upon either party.

More than three-fourths of the day had passed in tranquillity, as composed as the preceding one. On the banks of the creek, on either side, were the children sporting and playing, their mothers were engaged in domestic employments, and their fathers were employed in attending to the mills and other property, or in gathering in their crops for their winter consumption. The weather was very pleasant; the sun shone clear; all was tranquil, and no one expressed any apprehensions of the crisis near us. It was about 4 o'clock, while sitting in my cabin, with my baby in my arms, and my wife standing by my side, the door being open, I cast my eyes on the opposite bank of Shoal Creek, and saw a large company of armed men, on horses, directing their course towards the mills, with all possible speed. As they advanced through the scattering trees, that stood on the edge of the prairie, they seemed to form themselves into a three-square position, forming a vanguard in front. At this moment, David Evans, seeing the superiority of their numbers (there being two hundred and forty of them, according to their own account), swung his hat, and cried for peace. This not being heeded, they continued to advance, and their leader, Mr. Comstock, fired a gun, which was followed by a solemn pause of ten or twelve seconds, or more, when, all at once, they discharged about one hundred rifles, aiming at a blacksmith's shop, into which our friends had, by this time, fled for safety, and charging up to the shop, the cracks of which, between the logs, were sufficiently large to enable them to aim directly at the bodies of those who had fled for refuge there. The several families tented in rear of the shop, whose lives were thus exposed, amidst a shower of bullets, fled to the woods in different directions. After standing and gazing on this bloody scene for a few minutes, and finding myself in the utmost danger, the bullets reaching the house where I was living, I committed my family to the protection of heaven, and leaving the house on the opposite side, took a path which led up the hill, following in the trail of three of my brethren that had fled from the shop. While ascending the hill, we were discovered by the mob, who immediately fired at us, and continued so to do till we reached the summit. In descending the

hill, I secreted myself in a thicket of bushes, where I lay till eight o'clock in the evening, at which time I heard a female voice calling my name, with others, in an under tone, telling me that the mob had gone, and there was no danger. I immediately left the thicket, and went to the house of Benjamin Lewis, where I found my family (who had fled there) in safety, and two of my friends, mortally wounded, one of whom died before morning. Here we passed that awful night. After daylight appeared, some four or five men, with myself, who only had escaped with our lives from the massacre, repaired, as soon as possible, to the mills, to learn the condition of our friends, whose fate we had truly anticipated. When we arrived at the house of Mr. Hawn, we found Mr. Merrick's body lying in the rear of the house, Mr. McBride's in front, literally mangled from head to foot. We were informed by Miss Rebecca Jud, who was an eye witness, that he was shot with his own gun, after he had given it up, and then was cut to pieces with an old corn-cutter, by a Mr. Rogers of Davies county, who keeps the ferry on Grand River, and who has since, repeatedly boasted of this act of savage barbarity. Mr. York's body we found in the house; and after viewing these corpses, we immediately went to the blacksmith's shop, where we found nine of our friends, eight of whom were already dead; the other, Mr. Cox of Indiana, struggling in the agonies of death, and soon expired. We immediately prepared, and carried them to a place of interment.

This last office of kindness due to the relics of departed friends was not attended with the customary ceremonies nor decency: for we were in jeopardy, every moment expecting to be fired on by the mob, whom we supposed were lying in ambush, waiting for the first opportunity to dispatch the remaining few, who were providentially preserved from the slaughter of the preceding day. However, we accomplished without molestation this painful task. The place of burying was a vault in the ground, formerly intended for a well, into which we threw the bodies of our friends promiscuously. Among those slain, I will mention Sardius Smith, son of Warren Smith, about nine years old, who, through fear, had crawled under the bellows, where he remained until the massacre was over, when he was discovered by Glaze, of Corrill county, who presented his rifle near the boy's head, and literally blowed the upper part of it off. Mr. Stanley of Corrill told me afterwards that Glaze boasted of this deed all over the country. The number killed and mortally wounded in this wanton slaughter was eighteen or nineteen, whose names, as far as I can recollect, were as follows: Thomas M'Bride, Levi Merreck, Elias Benner, Josiah Fullor, Benjamin Lewis, Alexander Campbell, Warren Smith, Sardius Smith, George Richards, Mr. Napier, Mr. Harmer, Mr. Cox, Mr. Abbot, Mr. York, William Merreck, a boy eight or nine years old, and three or four more whose names I do not recollect, as they were strangers to me. Among the wounded who recovered, were Isaac Laney, who had six balls shot through him—two through his body, one through each arm, and the other two through his hips; Nathan K. Knight, shot through the body; Mr. Yokum, who was severely wounded, besides being shot through the head; Jacob Myers, A. Myers, Tarlton Lewis, Mr. Hawn, and several others. Miss Mary Stedwell, while fleeing, was shot through the hand, and fainting, fell over a log, into which they shot upwards of twenty balls.

Says another witness:

"We were forced to take shelter under cover of an old log building, used as a blacksmith's shop, which was neither chinked or mudded. When

men ran out and called for peace, they were shot down; when they held up their hats and handkerchiefs and crying for mercy, they were shot down; when they attempted to run, they were cut down by the fire of guns; and when they stood still, they were shot down by putting the guns through the cracks of the building. One woman, by the name of Mary Stedwell, was shot through the hand while holding it up in the attitude of defence As she ran from the mob, others pierced her clothes: after running as far as she could, she threw herself behind a log, whilst a volley of balls poured after her, filling the log where she lay, twelve or fourteen of which were taken out and preserved. Many other women had balls shot through their clothes, while fleeing into the woods with their children in their arms; others were brutally abused. One small boy was killed, having his brains blown out; and during the affray, two other boys, belonging to Warren Smith (who was also killed at the time), hid themselves under the bellows; and, when the murderers came into the shop, after killing all within except two men (one wounded and the other not), who lay concealed from them by being covered with dead bodies of the slain, the elder of the boys, crying for mercy from his hiding place, was immediately put to death, by putting the muzzle of a gun to the lad's ear, and blowing off the top of his head. One of these savages who participated in this transaction, accosted his comrade (while committing this horrid deed) thus: 'It is a damned pity to kill boys;' to which the other said, in reply, that 'little sprouts became large trees,' and if these boys were suffered to live, they, like their father, would be Mormons. The other lad was supposed to have been killed, but they did not quite accomplish their object, the younger receiving a wound in his hip, which carried off his hip-bone. While the mob were in the shop, if they perceived life remaining in any of the wounded, while struggling in the agonies of death, they were immediately dispatched, at the same time plundering the pockets of the dead, stripping off their boots, shoes, and clothing. After the mob had learned that two men escaped with their lives, they declared publicly, that if they got into another such affair they would inspect more closely by sticking their knives in their toes. This massacre took place about sun an hour high, on Tuesday, and continued until seventeen were killed and fifteen were wounded, that I know off, the remaining few escaping. * * * * Among those who attempted to escape was a man by the name of Thomas M'Bride, a soldier and patriot of the revolution and a justice of the peace. While making the best use of his tottering limbs and worn-out frame for escape, he was met in his retreat by a young man from Davies county, by the name of Jacob Rogers, who immediately demanded the old man's gun, which was delivered up, and was then shot down by Rogers. This not killing the old man, he lifted his hands in the attitude of supplication and begged for mercy, at the same time appealing to his silvery locks as adding still more force and credit to his cries, and tales of his actions while in the defence of his country. But the young man, deaf to every thing, regarded not the old man, but, seizing an old corn-cutter or piece of a scythe, commenced first to hew off the old man's fingers while holding them up for mercy, and next cutting his hands from his arms, and then severing his arms from his body, and last of all laying open the skull and beheading the body of him who had fought and spilt his blood for the privileges enjoyed by his murderer. There not being any men left, or not enough to bury the dead, the women were compelled to bury their husbands, by throwing them into a well close to the blacksmith shop. The next day after the massacre a large company

of them came back, blowing their bugle and firing their guns in an exulting manner. They carried off goods of all descriptions, horses, waggons, and harnesses, stripping the horses and moving waggons of all the goods, furniture, and clothing of any value, leaving the widows and orphans to suffer in that inclement season of the year. Cows, hogs, and horses, were driven off in droves. They robbed the families of all their beds and bedding. * * * * A short time after this, at Hawn's mill, Captain Nehemiah Comstock, the same who commanded at the massacre, with forty or fifty others, took possession of the mill for two or three weeks, and thus cut off the resources of the widows and orphans who had survived. During this time they lived on the best that the neighborhood could afford, plundering and stealing all the palatable food which had by the industry and prudence of murdered husbands, been laid in store for themselves and families. * * * * They burned all the books that they could find, they shot the hogs and cattle, it seemed for pleasure of shooting game, as they did not consume all they killed." * * * * * *

Another witness:

"For while the Saints were engaged in solemn prayer to God,* these lawless desperadoes came upon them with the fury of demons, and commenced firing upon them while they were thus solemnly engaged; the Saints cried for quarters, but in vain, they then endeavored to escape by flight, but were surrounded;—the Missourians continued to shoot them; they would even place their guns to the heads of their victims, and thus barbarously take their lives. After the firing had partially subsided, one of Comstock's men found an old Revolutionary soldier, by the name of McBride, under the bank of the creek: commanding him, he exclaimed, 'You old grey-headed Mormon, I will fix you.' The old man got on his knees, and begged for his life; but his age afforded no protection; he was inhumanly butchered and thrown into the creek. During the slaughter, a small boy endeavored to conceal himself in the Blacksmith shop under a bellows, but one of the assassins seeing him, was in the act of shooting him when one of the company cried out, 'Do not shoot the boy;' another said, 'Shoot him, d—m him, he will make a big Mormon some day;' so he put the gun to the child's head, and blew out his brains. There were in this slaughter eighteen of the Saints killed, and thirteen wounded."

FAR WEST.

(Current Selections from the Evidence here. Some of the Witnesses, Men of Education, and standing.)

* * * * This only increased their distress; for many thousands who were driven there, had no habitations or houses to shelter them, and were huddled together, some in tents and others under blankets, while others had no shelter from the inclemency of the weather. Nearly two months the Mormons had been in this state of consternation; many of them had been killed, whilst others had been whipped until they had to swathe up their bowels to prevent them from falling out; * * * * * * and whilst the people were waiting anxiously for deliverance—men, women

* Upon the alarm, those in the Smithy united in Prayer.

and children frightened, praying and weeping—we beheld at a distance, crossing the prairies and approaching the town, a large army in military array, brandishing their glittering swords in the sunshine; and we could not but feel joyful for a moment, thinking that probably the governor had sent an armed force to our relief. But to our great surprise, when the army arrived, they came up and formed a line in double file in one half mile on the east of the city of Far West; they demanded three persons to be brought out of the city before they should massacre the rest.

The army arrived at Far West, the sun about a half an hour high. In a few moments afterwards, Cornelius Gillum arrived with his army, and formed a junction. Gillum had been stationed at Hunter's Mills for about two months previous to that time—committing depredations upon the inhabitants—capturing men, women, and children, and carrying them off as prisoners, lacerating their bodies with hickory withes. The army of "Gillum" were painted like Indians, some of them were more conspicuous than were others, designated by red spots; and he, also, was painted in a similar manner, with red spots marked on his face, and styled himself the "Delaware Chief." They would hoop, and hollow, and yell as nearly as Indians as they could, and continued to do so all that night. In the morning early, the Colonel of Militia sent a messenger into the camp with a white flag, to have another interview with Gen. Doniphan. On his return, he informed us that the governor's order had arrived. General Doniphan said that "the order of the Governor was, to exterminate the Mormons, but he would be damned if he obeyed that order, Gen. Lucas might do what he pleased."

* * * After this, the town was surrounded with a strong guard, and no man, woman or child, was permitted to go out or come in under the penalty of death. Many of the citizens were shot in attempting to go out to obtain sustenance for themselves and families.

* * * * *

On the next day, the soldiers were permitted to patrol the streets, to abuse and insult the people at their leisure, and enter into houses and pillage them and ravish the women.

* * * The chief men among the Mormons were marched down through their lines with a strong guard in front, and the cannon in the rear, to the camp, amidst the whooping, hollowing, yellings, and shoutings of the army, which was so horrid and terrific that it frightened the inhabitants.

One of these testifies:

"He said they were determined to shoot us on the next morning in the public square in Far West. I made him no reply; On the next morning about sunrise, General Doniphan ordered his brigade to take up the line of march and leave the camp. He came to us where we were under guard, to shake hands with us, and bid us farewell. His first salutation was: 'You have been sentenced by the court martial to be shot this morning; but I will be damned if I will have any of the honor of it, or any of the disgrace of it; therefore, I have ordered my brigade to take up the line of march and leave the camp, for I consider it to be cold-blooded murder, and I bid you farewell;' and he went away.

* * * * *

"In a few moments the guard was relieved with a new set; one of the new guards said that the damned Mormons would not be shot this time, for the movement of General Doniphan had frustrated the whole plan.

"While we were in this situation, a young man by the name of Grant,* came to see us, and put up at the tavern where General Clark made his quarters. He happened to come in time to see General Clark make choice of his men to shoot us on Monday morning the 12th day of November. He saw them make choice of their rifles, and load them with two balls in each, and after they had prepared their guns, General Clark saluted them, saying: 'Gentlemen, you shall have the honor of shooting the Mormon leaders on Monday morning at eight o'clock!'"

The same witness continues:

"Some time in April, we were taken to Davies county, as they said, to have a trial; but when we arrived at that place, instead of finding a court or a jury, we found another inquisition, and Birch, the same man who was one of the court-martial when we were sentenced to death, was now the Circuit Judge of that pretended court; and the grand jury that was empannelled, were all at the massacre at Hawn's Mill, and lively actors in that awful, cool-blooded murder, and all the pretence they made of excuse, was, they had done it because the governor had ordered them to do it. The same jury sat as a jury in the day time, and were placed over us as a guard in the night time. They tantalized and boasted over us, of their great achievements at Hawn's Mills, and at other places, telling us how many houses they had burned, and how many sheep, cattle and hogs they had driven off, belonging to the Mormons, and how many rapes they had committed, and what squealing and kicking there was among the damned bitches; saying that they lashed one woman upon one of the damned Mormon meeting benches, tying her hands and her feet fast, and sixteen of them abused her as much as they had a mind to, and then left her bound and exposed in that horrible condition. These fiends of the lower region, boasted of these acts of barbarity, and tantalized our feelings with them for ten days. * * * The lady who was the subject of their brutality, did not recover her health to be able to help herself for more than three months afterwards."

Elsewhere, another witness deposes on this head:

"I heard a party of them one night telling about a female whose person they had violated, and this language was used by one of them: 'The damn bitch, how she squealed!' Who this person was, I did not know; but before I got out of prison I heard that a widow, whose husband had died some few months before with consumption, had been brutally violated by a gang of them, and died in their hands, leaving three little children, in whose presence the scene of brutality took place. After I got out of prison, and had arrived in Quincy, Illinois, I met a strange man in the street who was inquiring, and inquired of me, respecting a circumstance of this kind—saying he had heard of it, and was on his way going to Missouri to get the children if he could find them. He said the woman thus murdered was his sister, or his wife's sister, I am not positive which. The man was in great agitation. * * * * * * This grand jury constantly celebrated their achievements with grog and glass in hand, like the Indian warriors at their war-dances, singing and telling each other of their exploits in murdering the Mormons, in plundering their houses, and carrying off their property. At the end of every song, they would bring in the chorus: 'God damn, God damn, God damn the Presbyterians, God damn the Bap-

* The present Editor.

tists, God damn the Methodists;' reiterating one sect after another in the same manner, until they came to the Mormons. To them it was, 'God damn the God-damn Mormons; we have sent them to hell!' Then they would slap their hands, and shout 'Hosanna, Hosanna, Glory to God!' and fall down on their backs, and kick with their feet a few moments; then they would pretend to have swooned away into a glorious trance, in order to imitate some of the transactions at camp meetings. Then they would pretend to come out of their trance, and would shout and again slap their hands and jump up, while one would take a bottle of whiskey and a tumbler, and turn it out full of whiskey, and pour it down each other's necks, crying, 'damn it, take it, you must take it;' and if any one refused to drink the whiskey, others would clinch him, whilst another poured it down his neck; and what did not go down the inside, went down the outside. This is a part of the farce acted out by the Grand Jury (!) of Davies county, whilst they stood over us as guards, for ten nights successively; and all this in the presence of Judge Birch, who had previously said in our hearing that there was no law for the Mormons in the State of Missouri. His brother was then acting as District Attorney in that circuit, and, if any thing, was a greater cannibal than the Judge. After all these ten days of drunkenness, we were informed that we were indicted for Treason, Murder, Arson, Larceny, Theft, and Stealing."

Another of the captured elders:

"We had supposed, on their first appearance, that they were friendly troops, sent for our protection; but on receiving this alarming information of their wicked intentions, we were much surprised, and sent a messenger with a white flag to enquire of them who they were, and what they wanted of us, and by whose authority they came. This flag was fired upon by Captain Bogard, who afterwards told me the same with his own mouth. * * * * After several attempts at us, they set up the most hideous yells, that might have been supposed to have proceeded from the mouths of demons, and marched us, as prisoners, to their lines. There we were detained for two days and nights, and had to sleep on the ground in the cold month of November, in the midst of rain and mud. We were continually surrounded with a strong guard, whose mouths were filled with cursing and bitterness, blackguardism and blasphemy; who offered us every abuse and insult in their power, both by night and day; and many individuals of the army cocked their rifles, and taking deadly aim at our heads, swore they would shoot us. While under these circumstances, our ears were continually shocked with the relation of the horrid deeds they had committed, and which they boasted of. They related the circumstances in detail of having, the previous day, disarmed a certain man in his own house and took him prisoner, and afterwards beat out his brains with his own gun in presence of their officer. They told of other individuals who lay here and there in the brush, whom they had shot down without resistance, and who were laying, unburied, for the hogs to feed upon. They also named individual females of our society, whom they had forcibly bound, and twenty or thirty, one after another, committed rape upon. One of these females was a daughter of a respectable family, with whom I have been long acquainted, and with whom I have since conversed, and learned that it was truly the case. Delicacy at present forbids my mentioning the names. I also heard several of the soldiers acknowledge and boast of having stolen money in one place, clothing and

bedding in another, and horses in another, whilst corn, pork, and beef, were taken by the whole army to support the men and horses; and in many cases cattle, hogs, and sheep were shot down, and only a small portion of them used, the rest left to waste. Of these crimes, of which the soldiers boasted, the general officers freely conversed, and corroborated the same.

"Maj. General Lucas and his ravaging army being now in assured possession * * * even burning the houses and fences for fuel, he insisted that every man, woman and child of the Mormon Society should leave the State, except such as he detained as prisoners; stating that the Governor had sent him to exterminate them, but that he would, as a mercy, spare their lives and give them until the first of April following, to get out of the State. He also compelled them, at the point of the bayonet, to sign a deed of trust of all their real estate, to defray the expenses of what he called the 'The Mormon War.' After arranging all these matters to his satisfaction, he returned to Richmond, thirty miles distant, taking about sixty heads of families with him, and marching them through a severe snow storm, on foot as prisoners, leaving their families in a perishing condition."

These captives were then submitted to a mock trial. Birch, the judge, told them from the bench:

"'If you once think to plant crops, or to occupy your lands any longer than the first of April, the citizens will be upon you; they will kill you, every one—men, women, and children—and leave you to manure the ground without a burial.'"

And put then interrogatories; as—

"'*Secondly.* Do the Mormons believe a certain passage in the Book of Daniel?' naming the passage, which reads as follows: 'And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him.' Dan. vii. 27. On being answered in the affirmative, the judge ordered the scribe to put it down as a strong point for treason. But this was too much for even a Missouri lawyer to bear: he (an attorney) remonstrated against such a course of procedure. Said he, 'Judge, you had better make the Bible treason.' After an examination of this kind, for many days, some were set at liberty, others admittted out on bail, and themselves and bail expelled from the State forthwith, with the Mormon citizens. And Joseph Smith, Hyram Smith, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, and others, were committed to the Clay county jail for further trial. Two or three others, and myself, were put into the jail at Ray county for the same purpose."

Was the State of Missouri to answer for this?

"*Testimony.*—A part of these mobs were painted like Indians, and 'Gillum,' their leader, was also painted in a similar manner, and styled himself the 'Delaware Chief;' and afterwards he, and the rest of the mob claimed and *obtained pay* as militia, from the State, for all the time they were engaged *as mob*, as will be seen by reference to the Acts of the Legislature."

Major General Clark, being sent by the Governor to take the chief command, made us a speech:

REPORT OF GEN. CLARK'S SPEECH.

"It now devolves upon you to fulfil the treaty that you have entered into, the leading items of which I shall now lay before you. The first requires that your leading men be given up, to be tried according to law; this you have complied with. The second is, that you deliver up your arms; this has also been attended to. The third stipulation is, that you sign over your properties to defray the expenses that have been incurred on your account; this you have also done. Another article yet remains for you to comply with, and that is, that you leave the State forthwith. And whatever may be your feelings concerning this, or whatever your innocence is, it is nothing to me. General Lucas (whose military rank is equal with mine) has made this treaty with you; I approve of it. I should have done the same had I been here, and am therefore determined to see it executed. The character of this State has suffered almost beyond redemption from the character, conduct, and influence that you have exerted; and we deem it an act of justice to restore her character by every proper means. The order of the Governor to me was, that you should be exterminated, and not allowed to remain in the State. And had not your leaders been given up, and the terms of the treaty complied with before this time, you and your families would have been destroyed, and your houses in ashes. There is a discretionary power vested in my hands, which, considering your circumstances, I shall exercise for a season. You are indebted to me for this clemency. I do not say that you shall go now, but you must not think of staying here another season, or of putting in crops; for the moment you do this, the citizens will be upon you; and if I am called here again, in case of non-compliance with the treaty made, do not think that I shall act as I have done now. You need not expect any mercy, but extermination, for I am determined the *Governor's order shall be executed. As for your leaders, do not think, do not imagine for a moment, do not let it enter your minds, that they will be delivered and restored to you again. For their fate is fixed, the die is cast, their doom is sealed.* I am sorry, gentlemen, to see so many apparently intelligent men found in the situation that you are; and oh! if I could invoke the great spirit of the unknown God to rest upon and deliver you from that awful chain of superstition, and liberate you from those fetters of fanaticism with which you are bound—that you no longer do homage to man. I would advise you to scatter abroad, and never again organize yourselves with Bishops, Priests, &c., lest you excite the jealousies of the people, and subject yourselves to the same calamities that have now come upon you. You have always been the aggressors—you have brought upon yourselves these difficulties by being disaffected, and not being subject to rule. And my advice is, that you become as other citizens, lest, by a recurrence of these events, you bring upon yourselves irretrievable ruin."

After this, The Expulsion was effected. Loss of life of Mormons estimated at about 300.

THE END.